SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS
NO. 4
FEB.-MAR.
IS HE MAN...OR GHOST?
10c
SUPERMAN DC NATIONAL COMICS
THE PHANTOM STRANGER
STOP! DON'T READ ANOTHER WORD FROM THAT EVIL BOOK!
FORBIDDEN SECRETS of Sorcery

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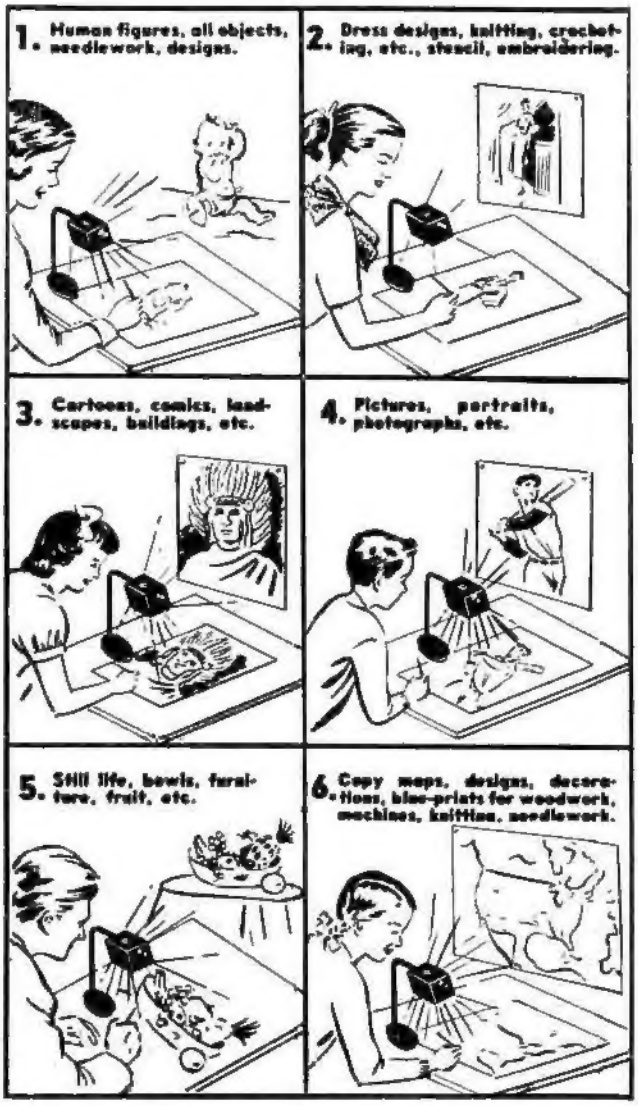

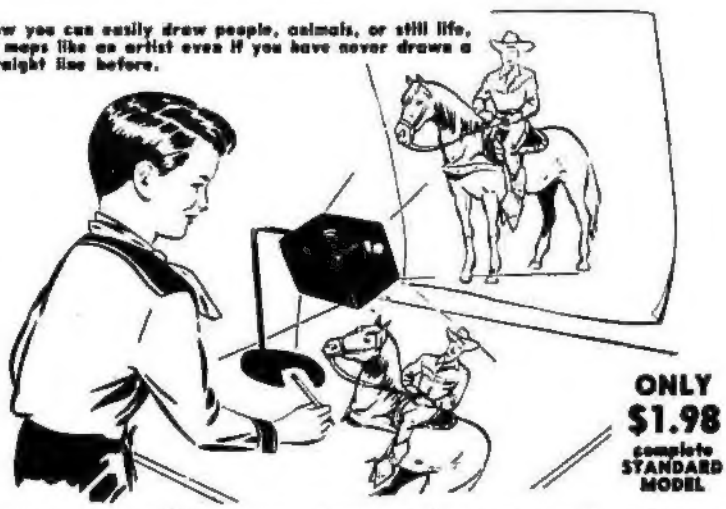

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THE PHANTOM STRANGER

The HAIRY SHADOWS

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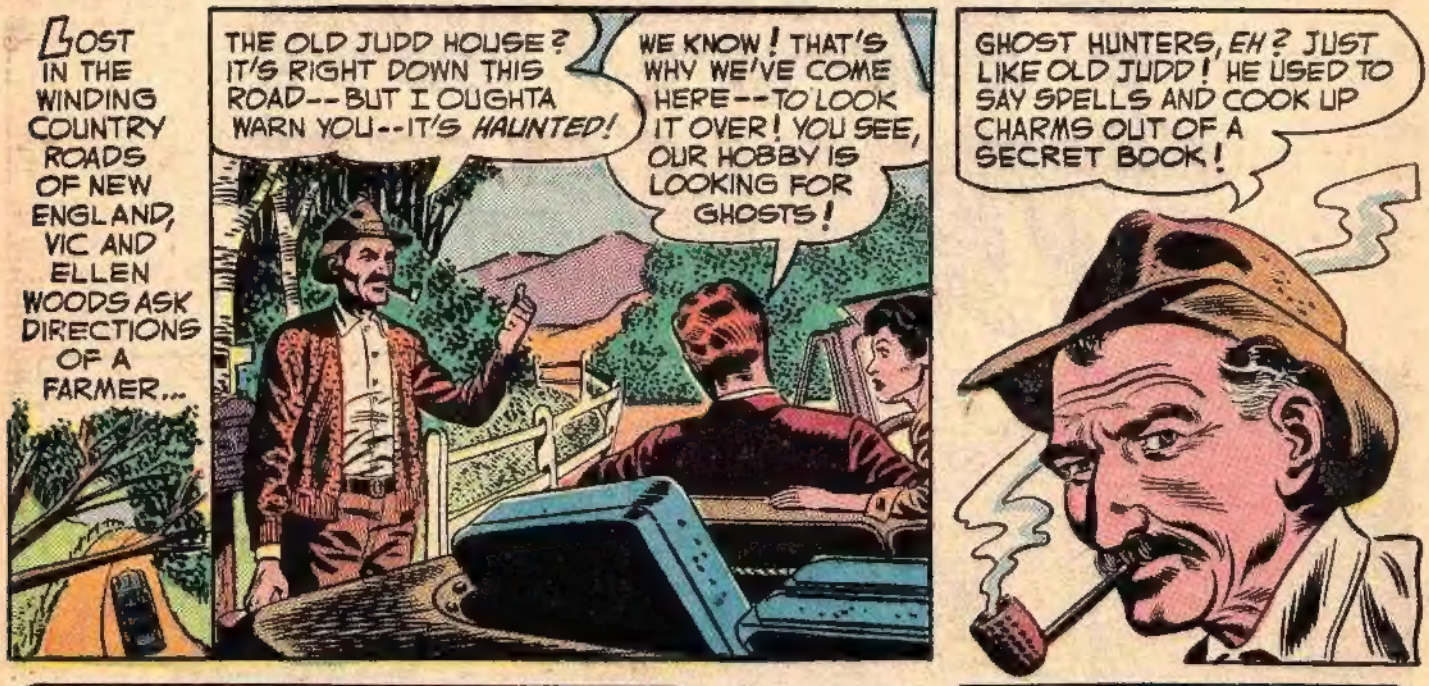
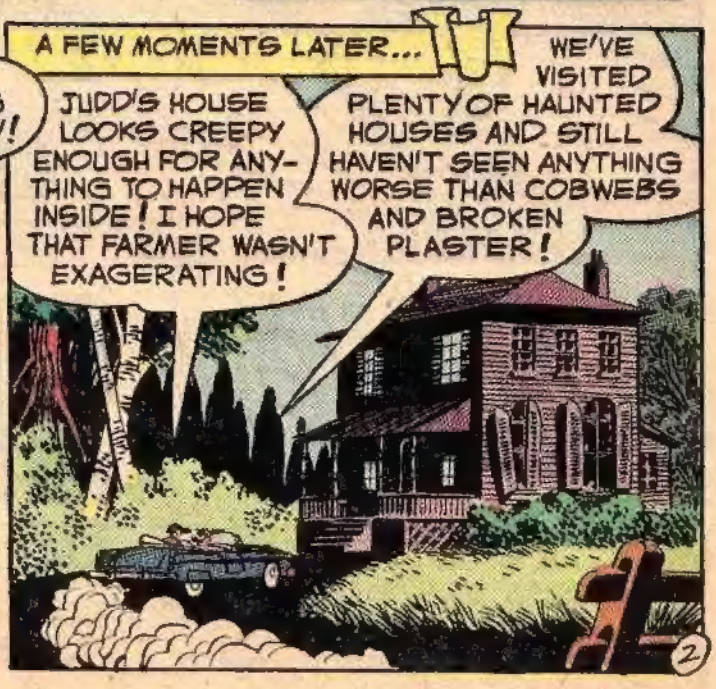
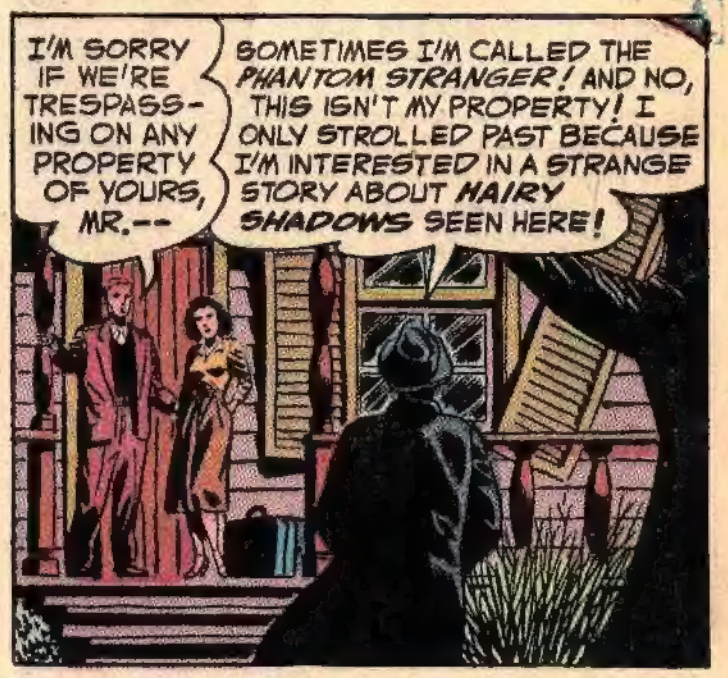


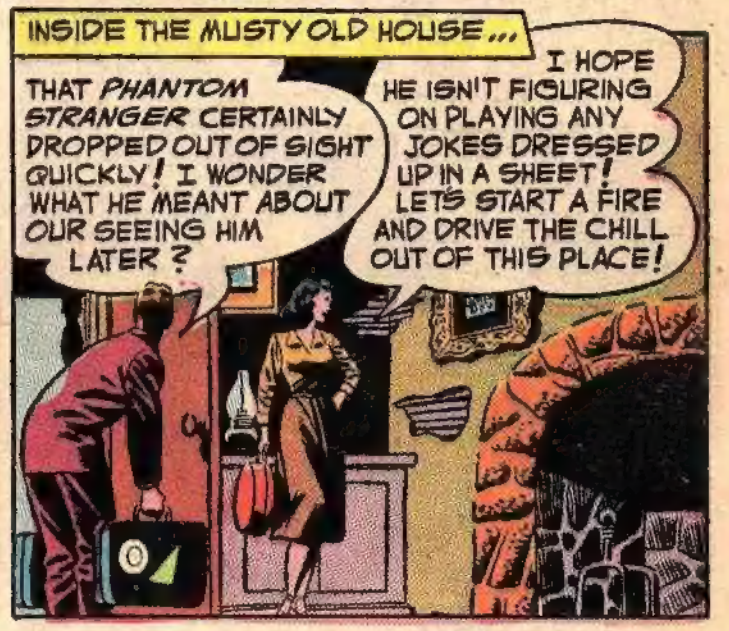
"I BEAT IT OUT OF THERE--FAST! A FEW NIGHTS LATER, WHEN I PASSED BY AGAIN, I HEARD HIM SCREAM, AND JUST AS I RAN UP I SAW THAT SAME MONSTER GRAB HIM AND DISAPPEAR INTO--NOTHING! NOBODY EVER SAW POOR OLD JUDD AGAIN!"



THE HINGES ARE SO RUSTY I CAN HARDLY PUSH THE DOOR OPEN! OUR FRIEND OUT ON THE ROAD WAS RIGHT WHEN HE SAID NOBODY EVER COMES HERE!
NO, VIC, HE WAS WRONG-- LOOK!
SCREECH!


I'M SORRY IF WE'RE TRESPASSING ON ANY PROPERTY OF YOURS, MR.--
SOMETIMES I'M CALLED THE PHANTOM STRANGER! AND NO, THIS ISN'T MY PROPERTY! I ONLY STROLLED PAST BECAUSE I'M INTERESTED IN A STRANGE STORY ABOUT HAIRY SHADOWS SEEN HERE!

ANOTHER GHOST HUNTER! WE'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE YOU JOIN US, IF YOU WISH!
NOT JUST NOW, THANKS! BUT PERHAPS YOU'LL SEE ME LATER!


INSIDE THE MUSTY OLD HOUSE...
THAT PHANTOM STRANGER CERTAINLY DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT QUICKLY! I WONDER WHAT HE MEANT ABOUT OUR SEEING HIM LATER?
I HOPE HE ISN'T FIGURING ON PLAYING ANY JOKES DRESSED UP IN A SHEET! LET'S START A FIRE AND DRIVE THE CHILL OUT OF THIS PLACE!

A FIRE MAKES THE HOUSE LOOK MORE CHEERFUL AS DARKNESS FALLS...
THERE'S ANOTHER ROOM! I'M GOING TO TAKE A LOOK AROUND!
WHAT'S THIS OLD BOOK?

IT'S A BOOK OF CHEMICAL FORMULAS... NO! IT'S A BOOK OF SPELLS TO SUMMON GHOSTS AND SPIRITS!
FORBIDD
SECRE

ELLEN TURNS TOWARDS VIC--BUT THE SHADOWY, SHAGGY SHAPE STANDING THERE BELONGS TO SOMEONE ELSE!

BUT IT WAS THERE, VIC! I SAW IT! IT'S GONE NOW, BUT WHERE?
MAYBE IT FADED AWAY WHEN THE FLAME OF THIS BURNER WENT OUT!

THE PHANTOM STRANGER AGAIN! ARE YOU PLAYING SOME SORT OF CRAZY JOKE ON US?
I WAS NEVER MORE SERIOUS IN MY LIFE! REMEMBER--I'M HERE FOR THE SAME REASON YOU ARE--TO LEARN WHY AND HOW THE JUDD HOUSE IS HAUNTED!

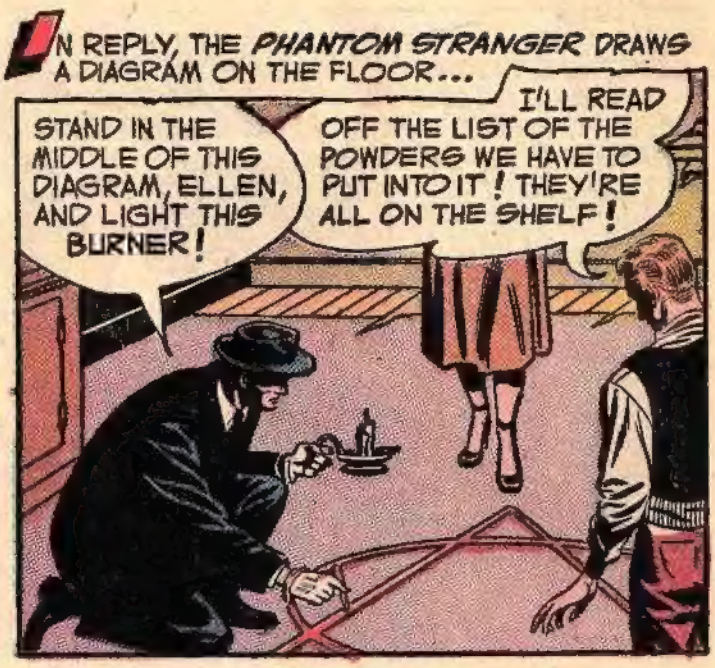
THERE'S DANGER HERE--NO DOUBT ABOUT IT! WHATEVER CARRIED JUDD AWAY FROM THIS HOUSE MIGHT DO THE SAME THING TO YOU--OR ME--OR ANYBODY! WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE MENACE AND DESTROY IT BEFORE IT STRIKES AGAIN!

THAT'S EASIER SAID THAN DONE! HOW DO WE BEGIN--WHERE--?
THE BOOK! OLD JUDD'S BOOK OF SPELLS I FOUND ON THE SHELF!

WHY DON'T WE REPEAT THE SPELL--AND TRY TO CONJURE UP THAT HAIRY SHAPE AGAIN?
WE HAVE ALL THE INGREDIENTS HERE--INCENSE--SULPHUR--

BUT WHAT IF IT WORKS--AND IT CARRYS US OFF--LIKE JUDD?

THAT'S JUST THE POINT! IT TOOK JUDD AWAY! MAYBE WE COULD FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM--PERHAPS EVEN RESCUE HIM--AND KEEP SUCH A THING FROM EVER HAPPENING AGAIN!
WE'LL HELP YOU DO IT, PHANTOM STRANGER! WHAT DO WE DO FIRST?


IN REPLY, THE PHANTOM STRANGER DRAWS A DIAGRAM ON THE FLOOR...
STAND IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS DIAGRAM, ELLEN, AND LIGHT THIS BURNER!
I'LL READ OFF THE LIST OF THE POWDERS WE HAVE TO PUT INTO IT! THEY'RE ALL ON THE SHELF!

ONE STRANGE SUBSTANCE AFTER ANOTHER IS BROUGHT FORTH...
THIS COMPLETES THE FORMULA! NOW--
SOMETHING'S MATERIALIZING! AT THE WALL--

THEN--A GLOW OF GREEN LIGHT, A STRANGE MOVEMENT, AND...
I SEE IT! THE HAIRY SHADOW!
STAND STEADY, ELLEN! DON'T MOVE TILL I TELL YOU TO!

THE FUMES ARE ATTRACTING IT TO ELLEN! WE BETTER STOP IT BEFORE--
DON'T MOVE YET, VIC! WAIT ONE MORE SECOND--

NOW, ELLEN! BLOW OUT THE FIRE IN THE BURNER!

AS THE STRANGE MIXTURE IN THE BURNER BLINKS OUT, THE GREEN LIGHT FADES AND THE PASSAGEWAY TO A STRANGE WORLD ABRUPTLY VANISHES...
ONE OF THEM'S HERE IN THE ROOM WITH US!
IT'S TRAPPED-- CAN'T GET BACK WHERE IT CAME FROM! AND IT FEELS TOO SOLID TO BE A GHOST!
LOOK OUT, PHANTOM STRANGER! THOSE CLAWS WILL RIP INTO YOU--
DON'T WORRY! I HAVE MY OWN WAYS OF FIGHTING THE "SUPERNATURAL"!
MY METHODS MAY BE OLD-FASHIONED, BUT STILL MIGHTY EFFECTIVE!
POW
IF YOU CAN UNDERSTAND ME, DON'T MOVE OR I'LL STRIKE AGAIN!
I...UNDER-STAND...
DO YOU KNOW WHAT BECAME OF A MAN NAMED JUDD?
YES... HE... TAUGHT... US... YOUR... LANGUAGE..
ALL RIGHT, MR. WHATEVER-YOU-ARE! YOU HOLD HIM PRISONER, WE HOLD YOU! HOW ABOUT AN EXCHANGE?
OPEN... THE... WAY... WE... WILL... TRADE...

ONCE MORE THE BURNER IS LIGHTED... THE ARCHWAY APPEARS...

NO FALSE MOVES, OR WE'LL SHUT THE GATEWAY AGAIN AND NEVER LET YOU GO BACK!

THEY... BRING... JUDD... NOW..

THEN A HUMAN FIGURE ENTERS THE ROOM...

EARTHMEN! I'M BACK IN MY OWN WORLD!

DOUSE THE BURNER AGAIN, ELLEN, AS SOON AS THAT CREATURE IS THROUGH THE ARCHWAY!

WHAT HAPPENED, MR. JUDD? WERE YOU REALLY THE CAPTIVE OF THOSE DREADFUL MONSTERS?

IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN-- BUT IN THEIR OWN PLACE THEY WEREN'T DREADFUL AT ALL! IT'S ONLY WHEN THEY CAME HERE THAT THEIR SHAPES CHANGED!

AS FOR ME, MY SHAPE CHANGED TOO--I CAN'T EVEN DESCRIBE WHAT I LOOKED LIKE IN THAT GHOST PLACE!

IT WASN'T A GHOST PLACE, JUDD! THAT SHAPE-- CHANGING WAS CAUSED BY GOING TO AND FROM ANOTHER WORLD-- ANOTHER DIMENSION!

YOUR FORMULA, WITH THOSE STRANGE SUBSTANCES SET AFIRE, MUST HAVE ESTABLISHED A POINT OF CONTACT BETWEEN DIMENSIONS ALLOWING ALIEN THINGS FROM ANOTHER PLANE TO SLIP INTO OUR OWN DIMENSION!

THEN IT WOULD BE DISASTROUS TO TRY THE EXPERIMENT AGAIN!

A MOMENT LATER, JUDD THROWS THE BOOK OF SPELLS INTO THE FIREPLACE...

THERE IT GOES... UP IN SMOKE... NEVER TO THREATEN ANYONE AGAIN!

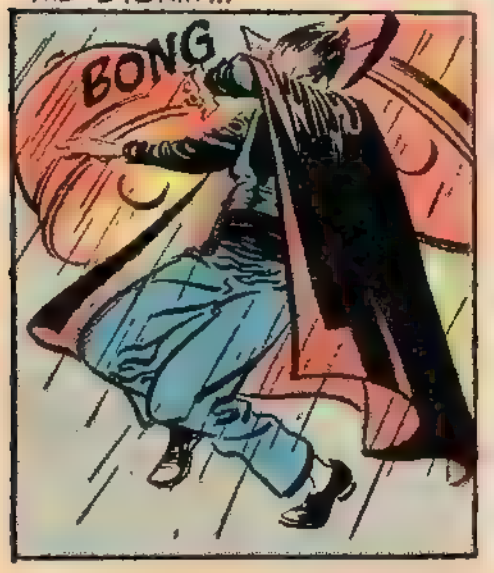
I NEVER DID THANK YOU, PHANTOM STRANGER, FOR RESCUING ME...

HE'S GONE... VANISHED!... ALMOST AS IF HE REALLY IS A PHANTOM!

THE END

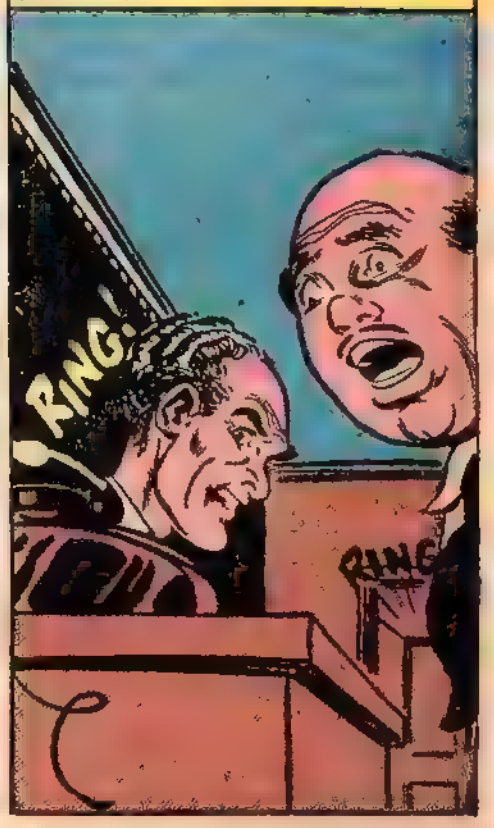
RING the BELLS!

DURING VIOLENT THUNDER-STORMS IN WILTSHIRE, ENGLAND, BELLS WERE RUNG TO DRIVE AWAY THE EVIL SPIRITS THAT THE TOWNSPEOPLE BELIEVED WERE CAUSING THE STORM...



THREE HUNDRED YEARS AGO, BELLS IN SOME TOWNS WERE RUNG DAILY TO "PURIFY" THE AIR AND THUS PREVENT ANY PLAGUES FROM STRIKING THE POPULACE...

IF AN OLD SUPERSTITION STILL PREVAILED TODAY, THEN THE RINGING OF TWO BELLS IN A HOUSE AT THE SAME TIME, WOULD BE AN OMEN OF DEATH...



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MAGIC TRICKS

Here's one to try on all the kids. Set up 16 checkers, half red and half black, in four rows of four. Arrange them in alternate rows, one red and one black, like they are in the picture. Then have the gang try to arrange them in rows of all black and all red *by moving only two checkers*. It's pretty tough—see how long it takes them.

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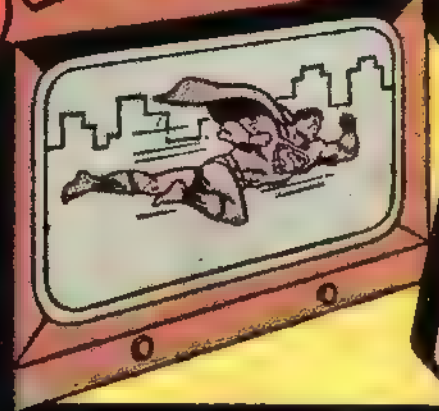

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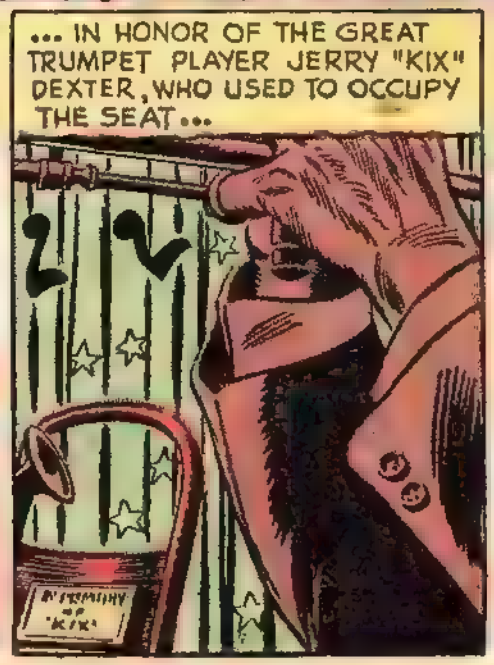
THE PHANTOM STRANGER

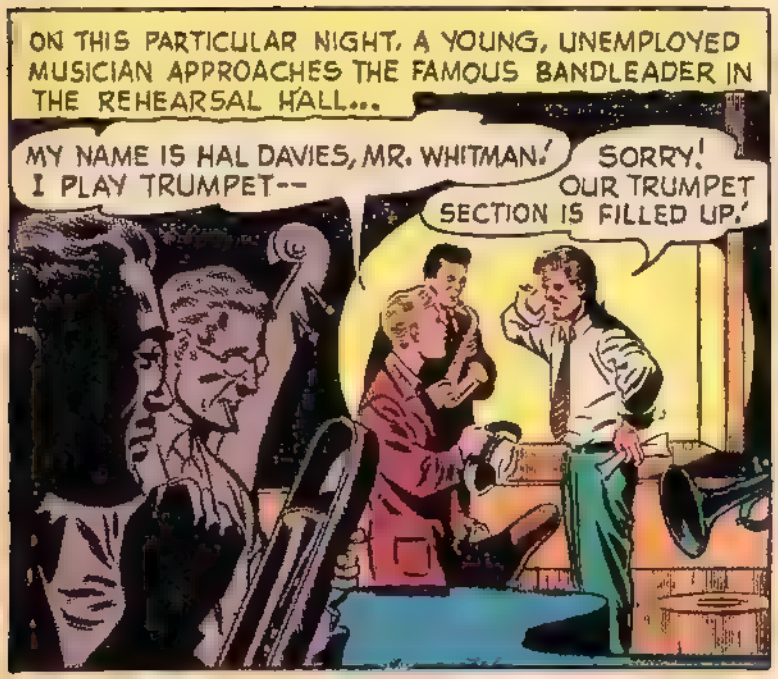
THAT'S KIX DEXTER PLAYING THAT MELLOW HORN.'

IT C-CAN'T BE.' DEXTER'S DEAD.'

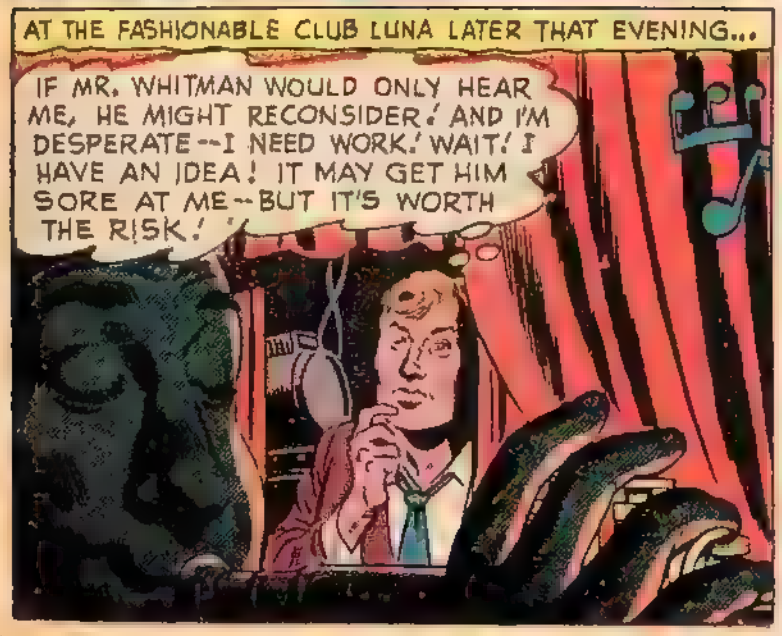
THOUSANDS SCREAMED IN DELIGHT AT KIX DEXTER'S MUSIC WHEN HE WAS ALIVE--BUT THEIR SCREAMS TURNED TO HORROR WHEN HIS TRUMPET KEPT PLAYING AFTER HE DIED.'

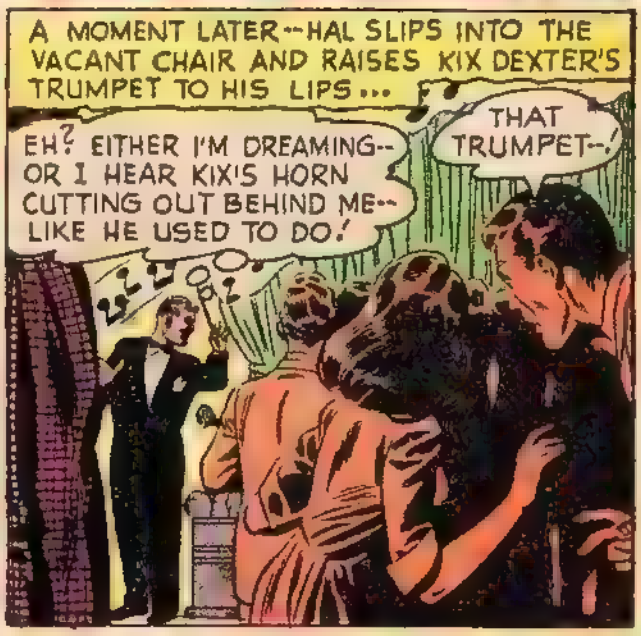
"THE RIDDLE OF THE GHOSTLY TRUMPET!"

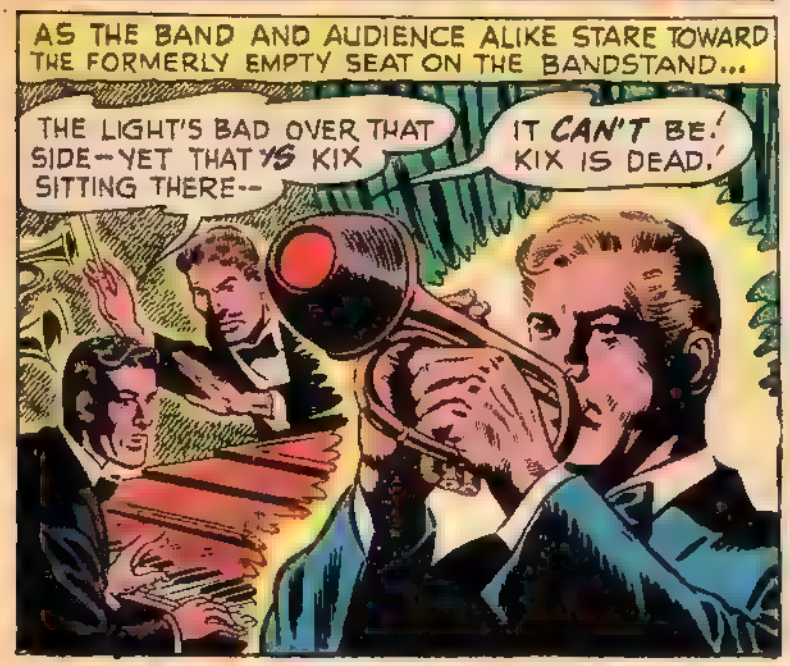


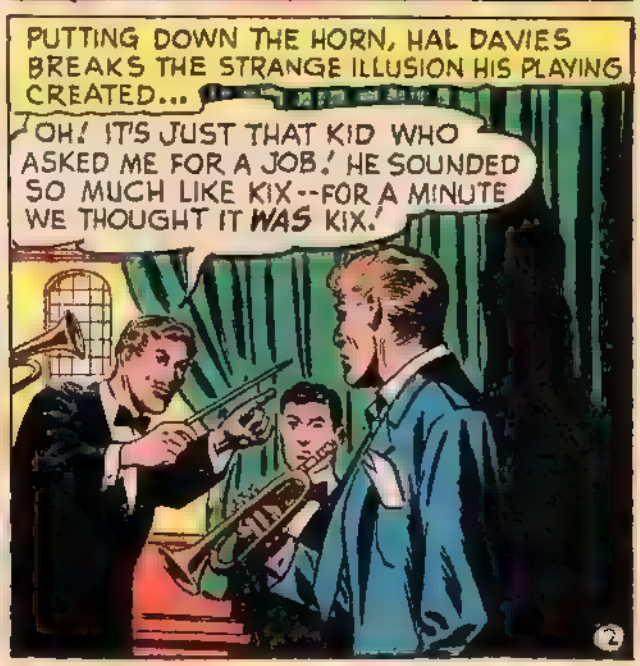

ON THIS PARTICULAR NIGHT, A YOUNG, UNEMPLOYED MUSICIAN APPROACHES THE FAMOUS BANDLEADER IN THE REHEARSAL HALL...
MY NAME IS HAL DAVIES, MR. WHITMAN! I PLAY TRUMPET--
SORRY! OUR TRUMPET SECTION IS FILLED UP!

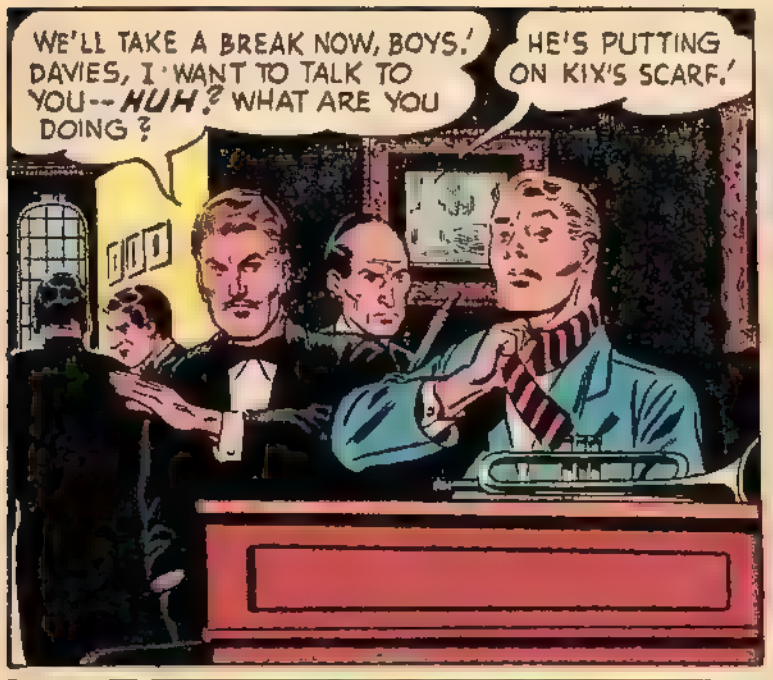
HUSTLE, BOYS! WE'RE LATE!
HE WOULDN'T EVEN GIVE ME A CHANCE TO PLAY FOR HIM...


AT THE FASHIONABLE CLUB LUNA LATER THAT EVENING...
IF MR. WHITMAN WOULD ONLY HEAR ME, HE MIGHT RECONSIDER! AND I'M DESPERATE--I NEED WORK! WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA! IT MAY GET HIM SORE AT ME--BUT IT'S WORTH THE RISK!

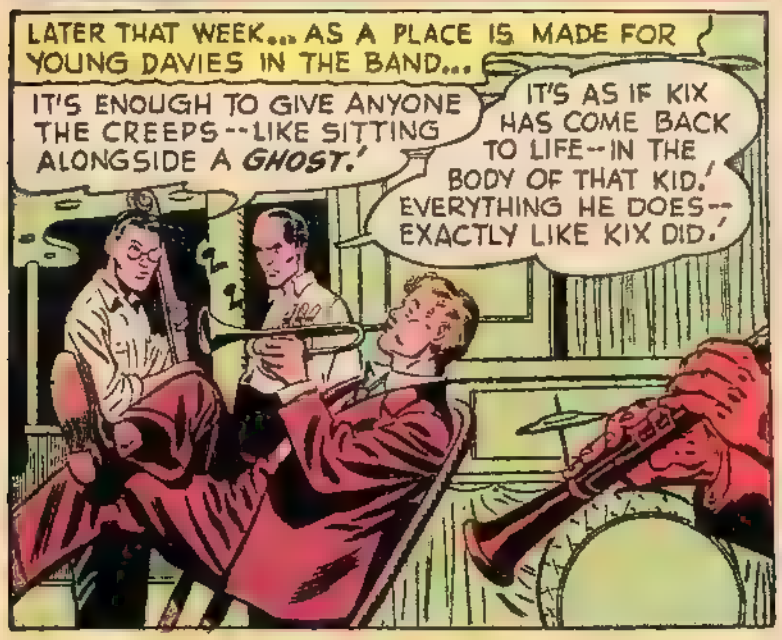

A MOMENT LATER--HAL SLIPS INTO THE VACANT CHAIR AND RAISES KIX DEXTER'S TRUMPET TO HIS LIPS...
EH? EITHER I'M DREAMING--OR I HEAR KIX'S HORN CUTTING OUT BEHIND ME--LIKE HE USED TO DO!
THAT TRUMPET--!

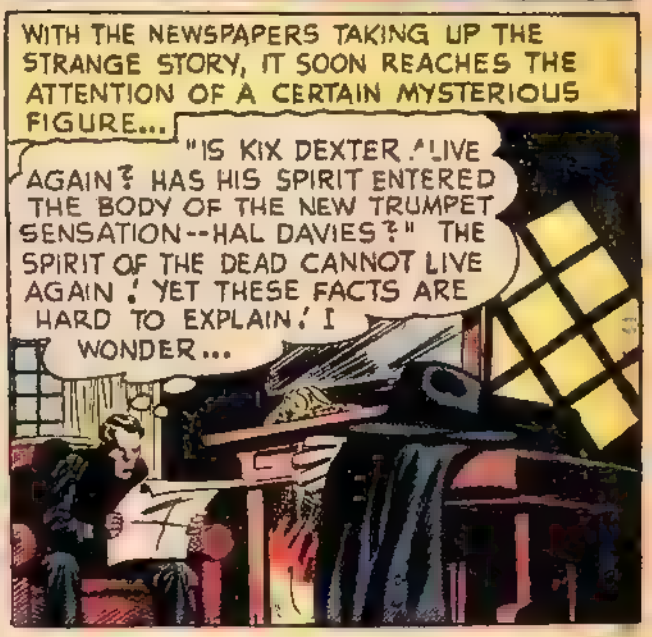

AS THE BAND AND AUDIENCE ALIKE STARE TOWARD THE FORMERLY EMPTY SEAT ON THE BANDSTAND...
THE LIGHT'S BAD OVER THAT SIDE--YET THAT *IS* KIX SITTING THERE--
IT *CAN'T* BE! KIX IS DEAD!

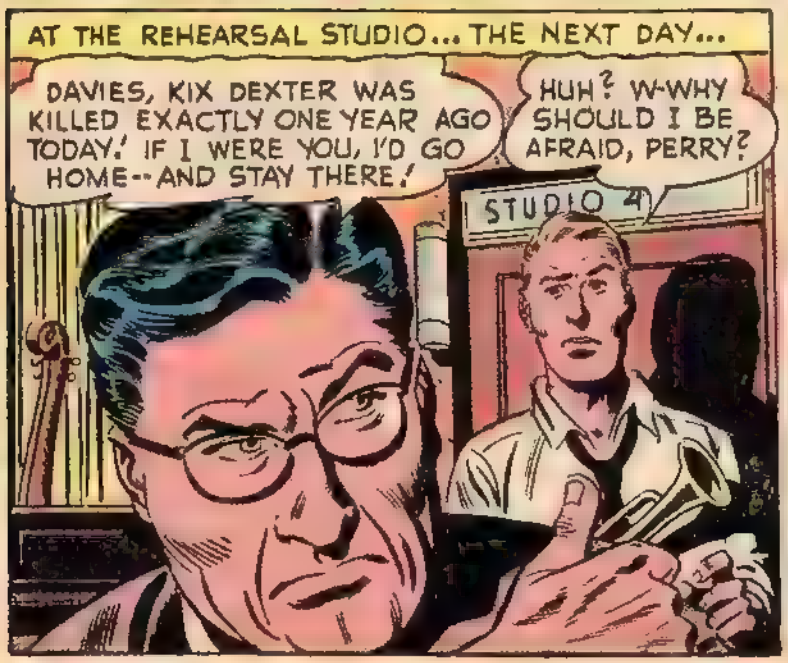

PUTTING DOWN THE HORN, HAL DAVIES BREAKS THE STRANGE ILLUSION HIS PLAYING CREATED...
OH! IT'S JUST THAT KID WHO ASKED ME FOR A JOB! HE SOUNDED SO MUCH LIKE KIX--FOR A MINUTE WE THOUGHT IT *WAS* KIX!


WE'LL TAKE A BREAK NOW, BOYS.' DAVIES, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU--HUH? WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
HE'S PUTTING ON KIX'S SCARF.'

HE'S WEARING IT JUST LIKE KIX USED TO DO.'
I -- I'M SORRY.' I DON'T KNOW WHY I DID THAT--


LATER THAT WEEK... AS A PLACE IS MADE FOR YOUNG DAVIES IN THE BAND...
IT'S ENOUGH TO GIVE ANYONE THE CREEPS--LIKE SITTING ALONGSIDE A GHOST.'
IT'S AS IF KIX HAS COME BACK TO LIFE--IN THE BODY OF THAT KID.' EVERYTHING HE DOES--EXACTLY LIKE KIX DID.'


WITH THE NEWSPAPERS TAKING UP THE STRANGE STORY, IT SOON REACHES THE ATTENTION OF A CERTAIN MYSTERIOUS FIGURE...
"IS KIX DEXTER ALIVE AGAIN? HAS HIS SPIRIT ENTERED THE BODY OF THE NEW TRUMPET SENSATION--HAL DAVIES?" THE SPIRIT OF THE DEAD CANNOT LIVE AGAIN! YET THESE FACTS ARE HARD TO EXPLAIN.' I WONDER...

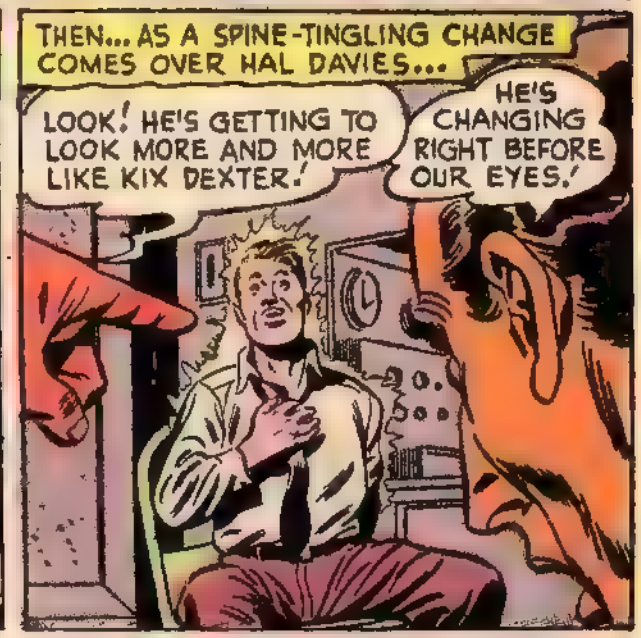

AT THE REHEARSAL STUDIO... THE NEXT DAY...
DAVIES, KIX DEXTER WAS KILLED EXACTLY ONE YEAR AGO TODAY.' IF I WERE YOU, I'D GO HOME--AND STAY THERE.'
HUH? W-WHY SHOULD I BE AFRAID, PERRY?
STUDIO 4

AS PERRY FULTON, ANOTHER TRUMPETER IN THE BAND, SIMPLY SHRUGS HIS SHOULDERS AND WALKS AWAY...
ALL THIS TALK ABOUT MY BEING POSSESSED BY THE GHOST OF KIX DEXTER--IT'S CRAZY! AND YET--
THERE HE IS, DR. MAGY.' HAL DAVIES...

DR. MAGY IS AN INVESTIGATOR OF THE OCCULT, HAL--AND HE HAS A THEORY--
WITH YOUR COOPERATION, MR. DAVIES, WE MAY SOLVE KIX DEXTER'S MURDER...

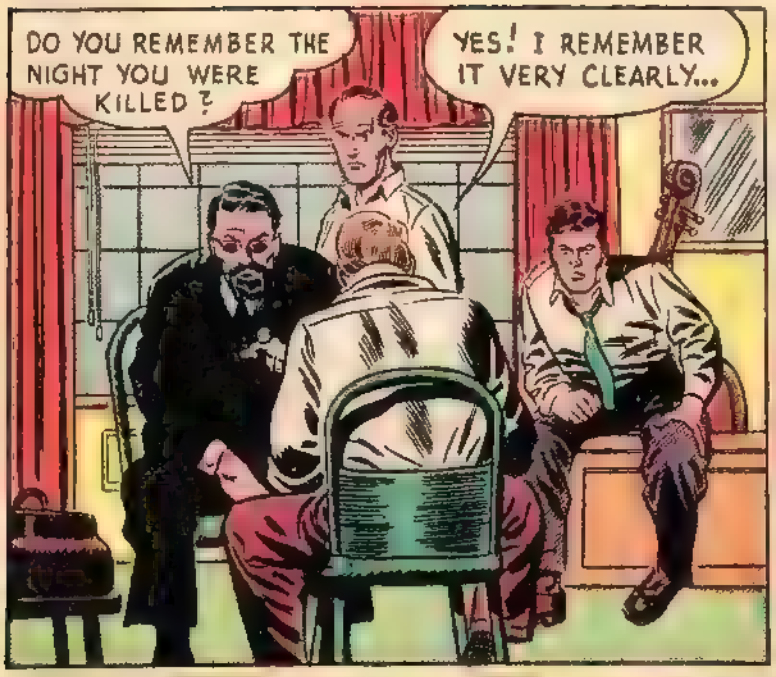
PUZZLED BUT WILLING, HAL AGREES TO RECEIVE AN INJECTION OF A NEWLY DISCOVERED "HYPNOTIC" DRUG..
IF DEXTER'S SPIRIT IS ACTUALLY INHABITING YOUR BODY--THIS CHEMICAL WILL PUT YOUR CONSCIOUS MIND TO SLEEP--AND RELEASE DEXTER'S MIND IN YOUR SUBCONSCIOUS! WE WILL BE ABLE TO TALK TO HIM!

AFTER THE "HAUNTED" TRUMPET PLAYER IS GIVEN THE INJECTION...
THIS IS FANTASTIC! EVEN SUPPOSE DAVIES NAMES THE KILLER--WHO'D BELIEVE IT?
QUIET, EVERYONE--PLEASE. IT TAKES EFFECT ALMOST IMMEDIATELY...

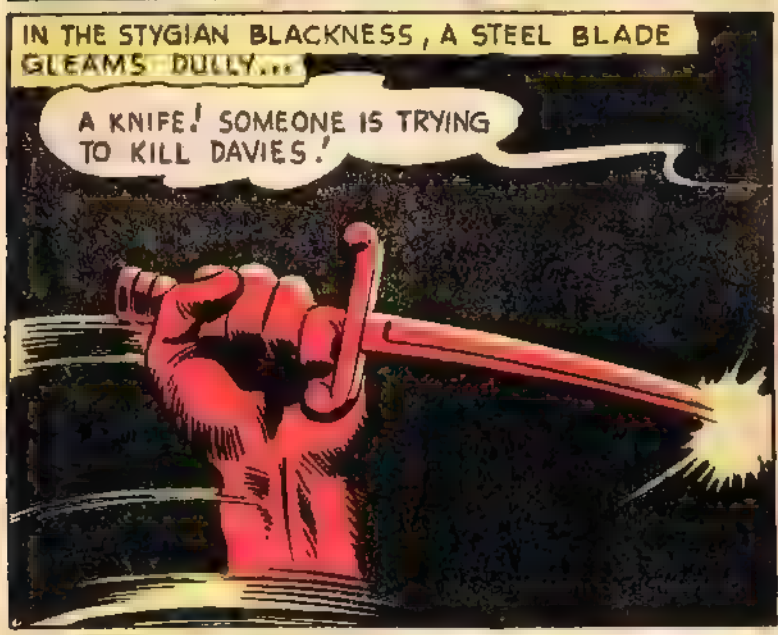

THEN... AS A SPINE-TINGLING CHANGE COMES OVER HAL DAVIES...
LOOK! HE'S GETTING TO LOOK MORE AND MORE LIKE KIX DEXTER!
HE'S CHANGING RIGHT BEFORE OUR EYES!

RELAX, PLEASE, AND TELL ME--WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
M-MY NAME? KIX DEXTER... OF COURSE!

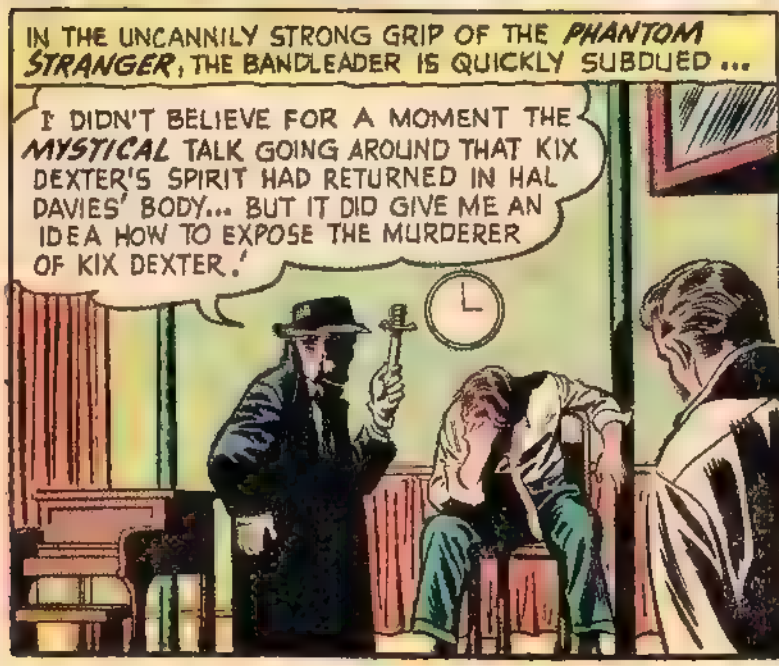
WHERE DO YOU LIVE?
I...I LIVE AT 384 STONE STREET...
KIX'S OLD ADDRESS--HIS LAST ADDRESS!


DO YOU REMEMBER THE NIGHT YOU WERE KILLED?
YES! I REMEMBER IT VERY CLEARLY...

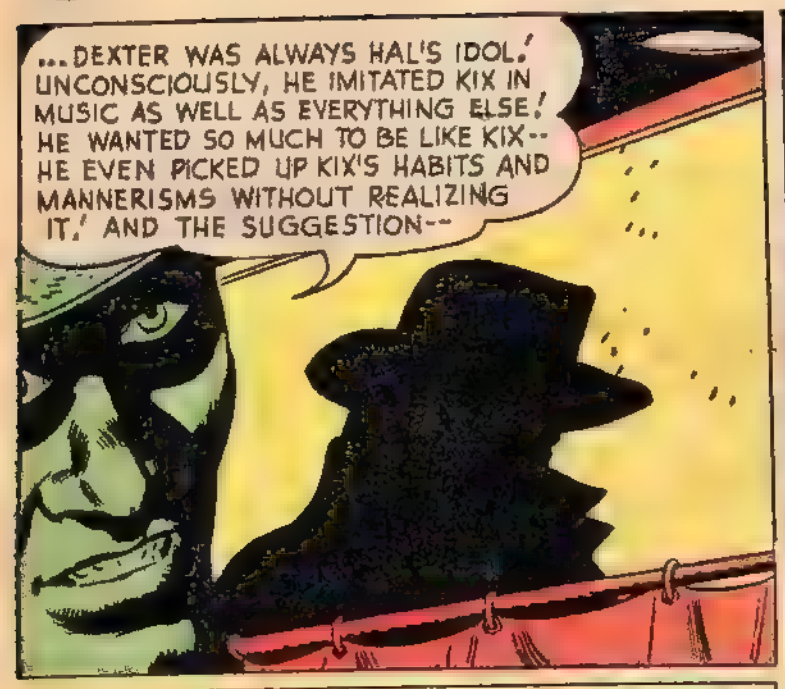
SUDDENLY THE STUDIO IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS...
WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?
CLICK!

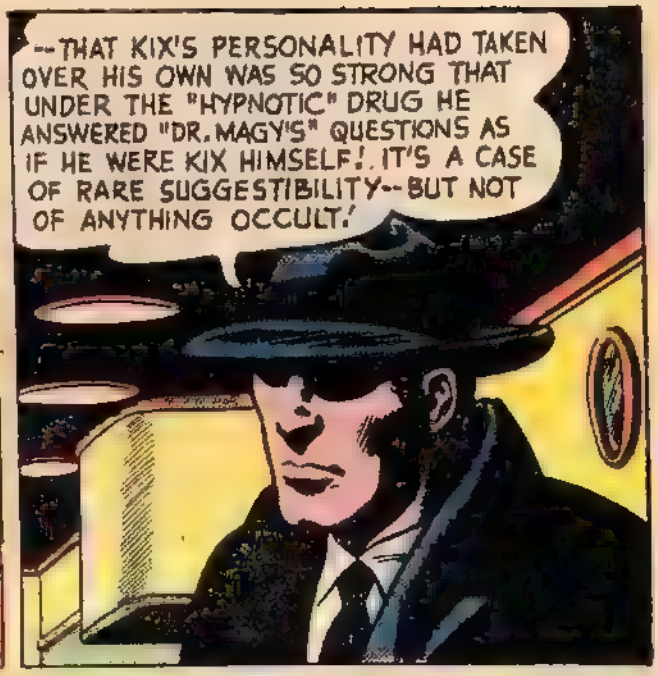

IN THE STYGIAN BLACKNESS, A STEEL BLADE GLEAMS DULLY...
A KNIFE! SOMEONE IS TRYING TO KILL DAVIES!

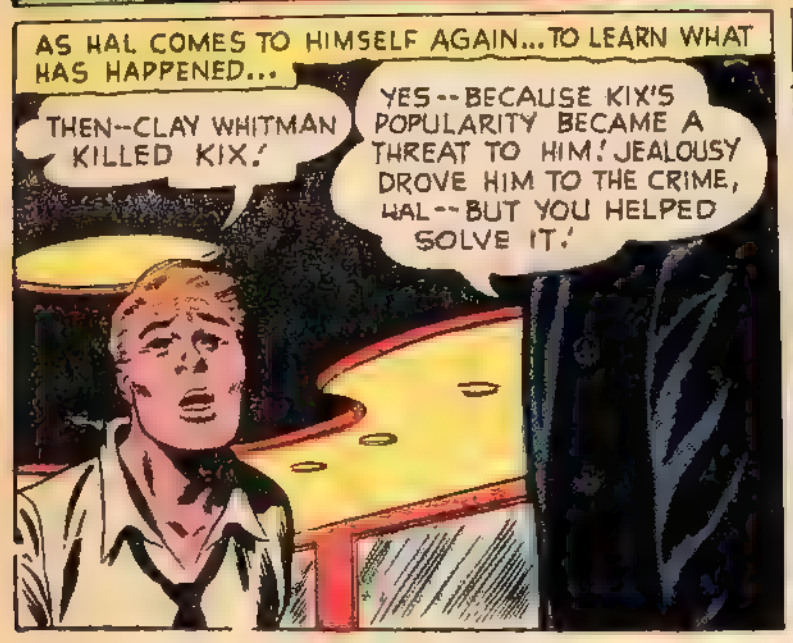
THEN... AS THE LIGHTS COME ON--WITH BLINDING SUDDENESS...
THE PHANTOM STRANGER! HE WAS "DR. MAGY"!
GAME'S UP, WHITMAN! YOU KILLED KIX DEXTER!


IN THE UNCANNILY STRONG GRIP OF THE PHANTOM STRANGER, THE BANDLEADER IS QUICKLY SUBDUED...
I DIDN'T BELIEVE FOR A MOMENT THE MYSTICAL TALK GOING AROUND THAT KIX DEXTER'S SPIRIT HAD RETURNED IN HAL DAVIES' BODY... BUT IT DID GIVE ME AN IDEA HOW TO EXPOSE THE MURDERER OF KIX DEXTER!

Y-YOU MEAN THAT KIX DEXTER'S SPIRIT WASN'T ACTUALLY SPEAKING THROUGH HAL DAVIES' LIPS? BUT WE HEARD--
YOU SHOULDN'T BELIEVE ALL YOU HEAR, WHITMAN! ACTUALLY...







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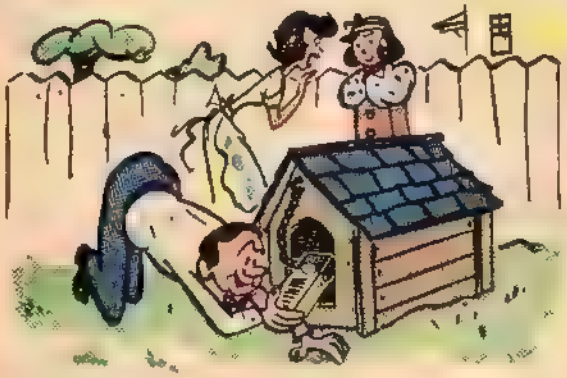

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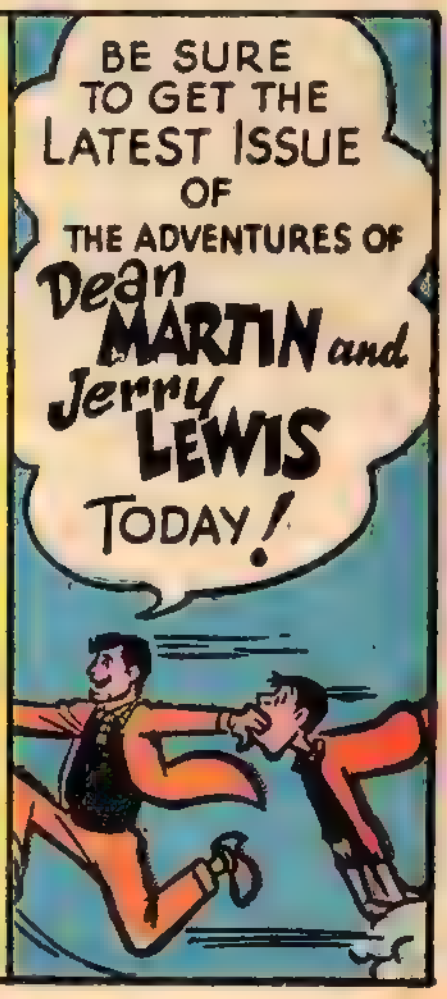
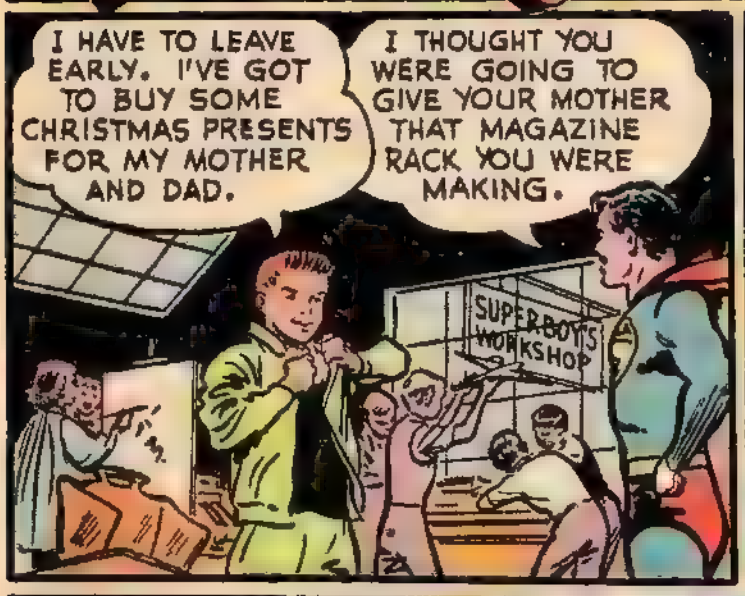
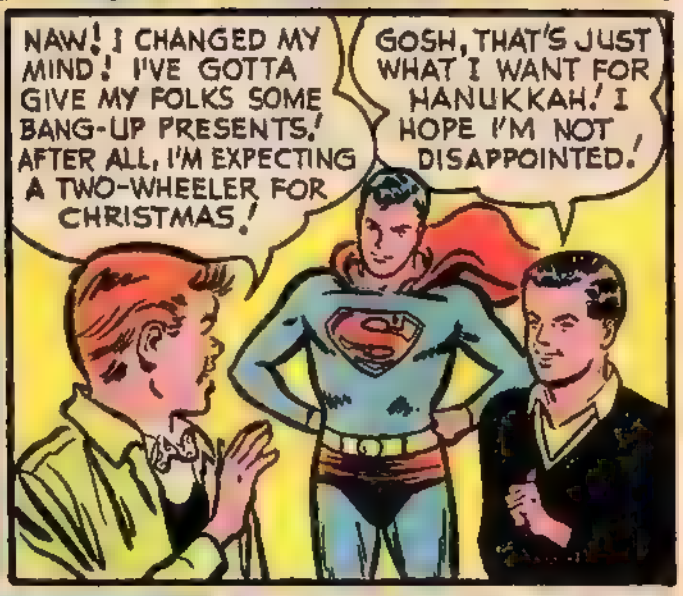
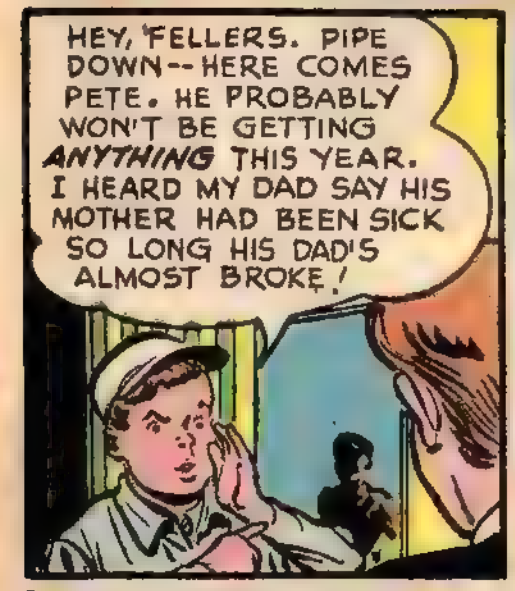
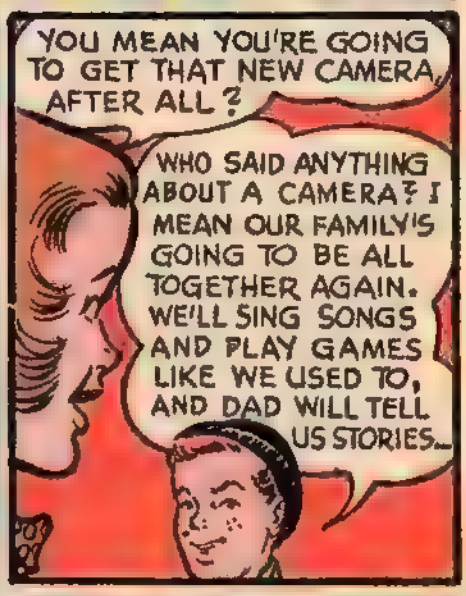


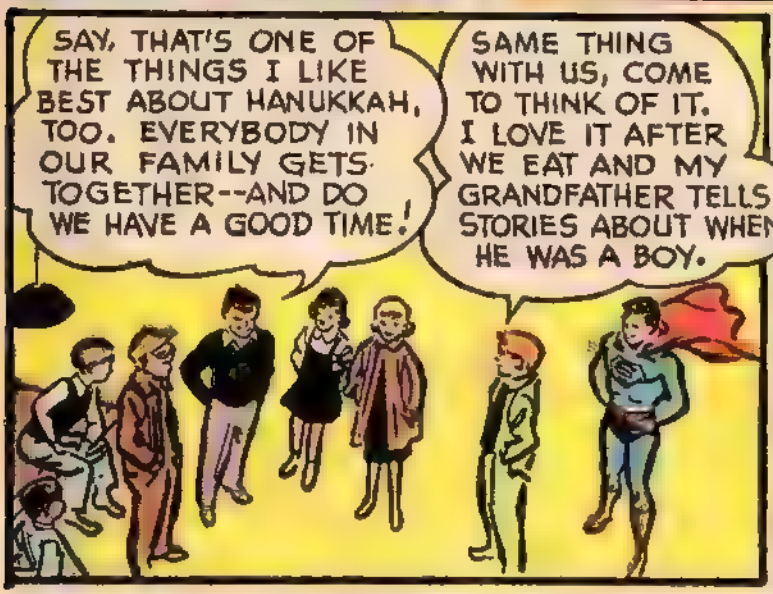
SUPERBOY TALKS ABOUT... "The Holiday Spirit!"











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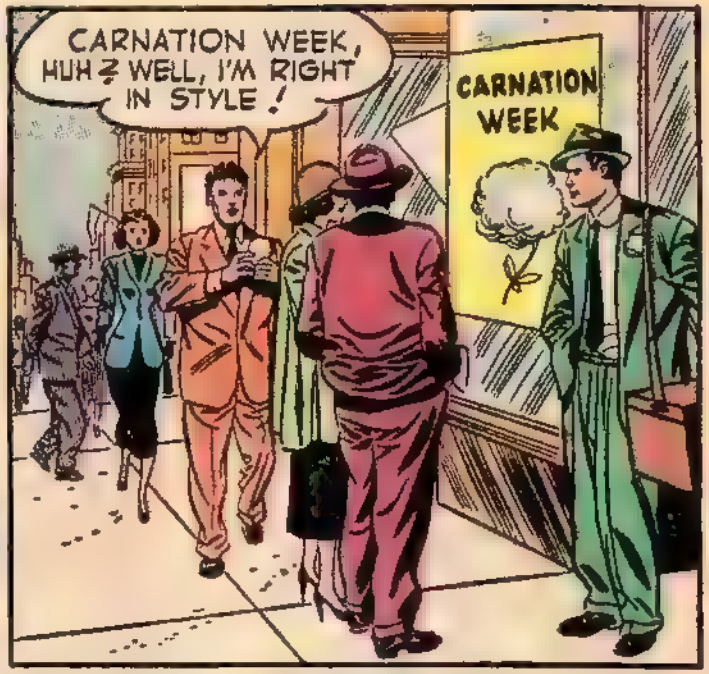
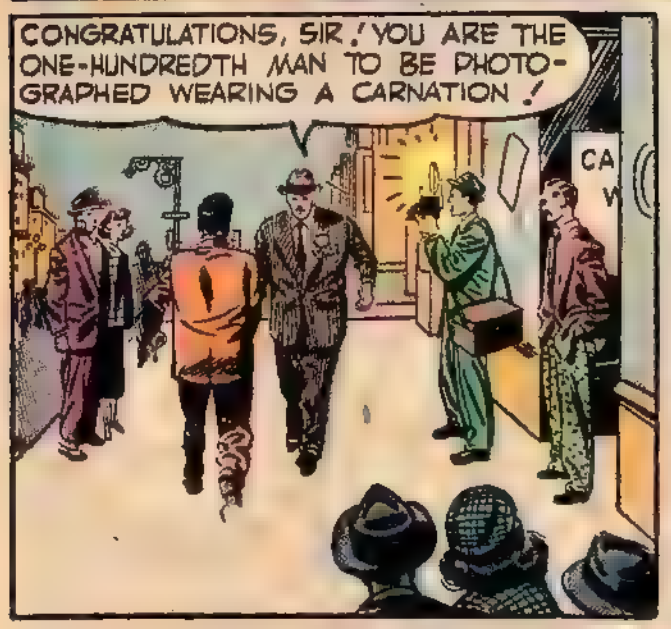
TRAIL of the LUCKY COIN!

MAYBE THIS POOR BLIND MAN CAN MAKE BETTER USE OF THE COIN THAN I CAN!
THANK YOU FOR YOUR GENEROSITY, SIR! WON'T YOU PLEASE ACCEPT A CARNATION IN RETURN?

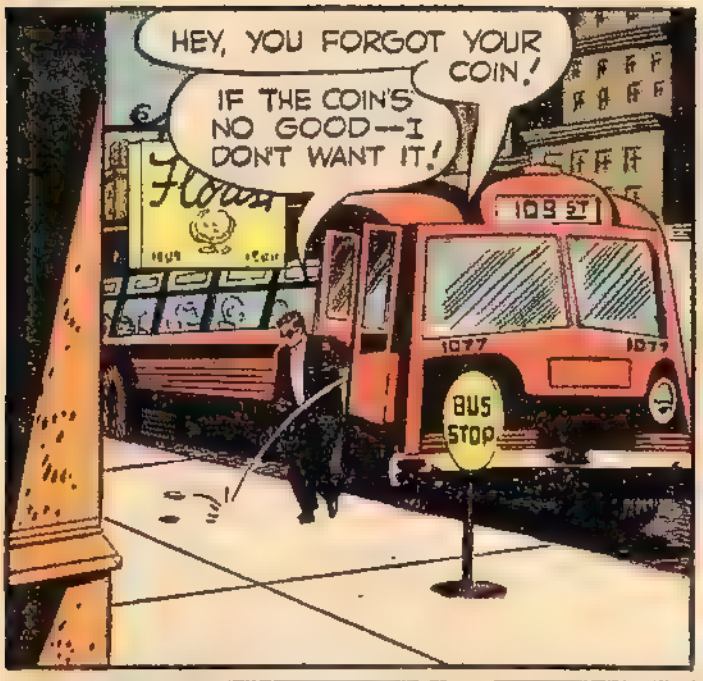

CARNATION WEEK, HUH? WELL, I'M RIGHT IN STYLE!
CARNATION WEEK

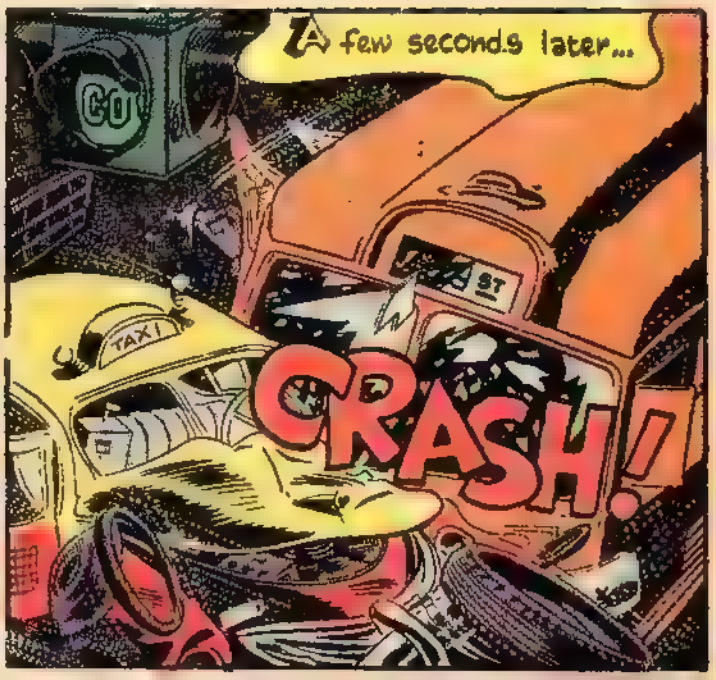

CONGRATULATIONS, SIR! YOU ARE THE ONE-HUNDREDTH MAN TO BE PHOTOGRAPHED WEARING A CARNATION!

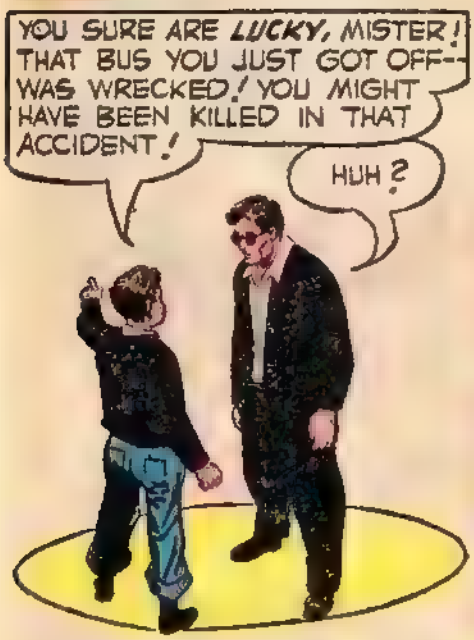
YOU HAVE WON A PRIZE FOR OUR CARNATION WEEK CELEBRATION! A DINNER AND THEATER DATE, WITH OUR COMPLIMENTS!
THANKS! I HAD A FEELING THIS WOULD BE MY LUCKY DAY!

YOU SEE WHAT I MEAN? HE FOUND THE COIN! HE GAVE IT AWAY! HE WAS LUCKY, WASN'T HE? NOW LET'S FOLLOW THE NEW LUCKY OWNER OF THE COIN...

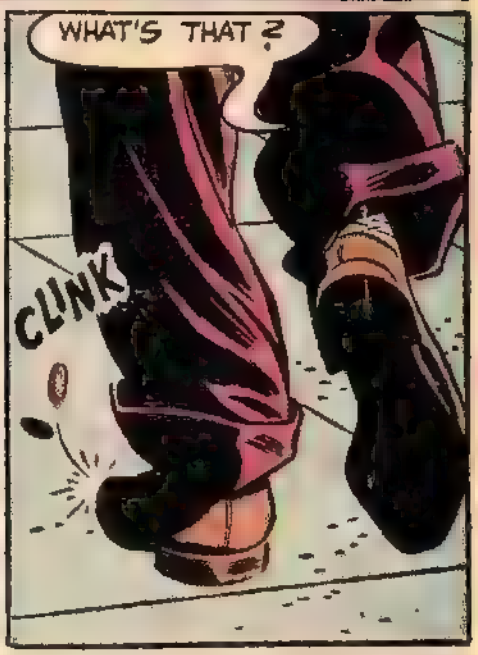
SORRY, PAL! THAT COIN'S NO GOOD! IT'S A PHONEY!
WHAT BAD LUCK! WELL--I'LL HAVE TO WALK HOME! THAT'S ALL THE MONEY I MADE TODAY...
TICKET

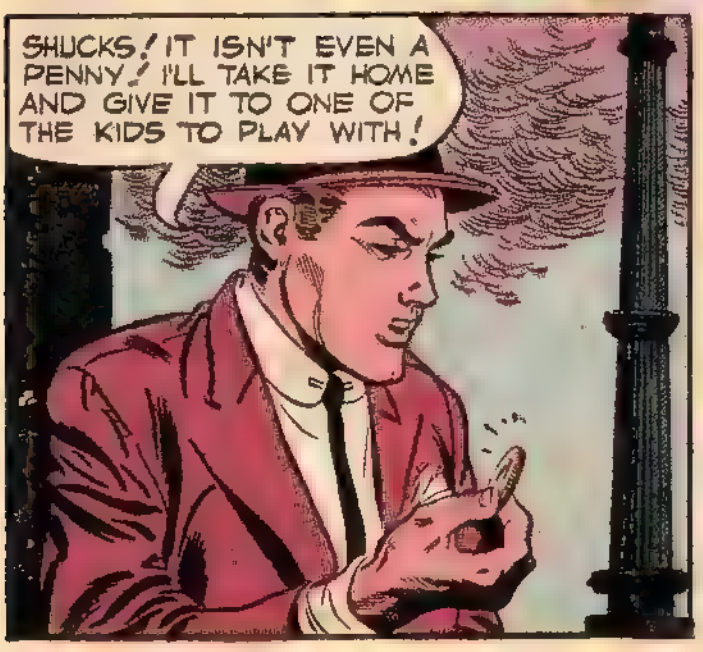

HEY, YOU FORGOT YOUR COIN!
IF THE COIN'S NO GOOD--I DON'T WANT IT!
Flour
109 ST
1077
1077
BUS STOP

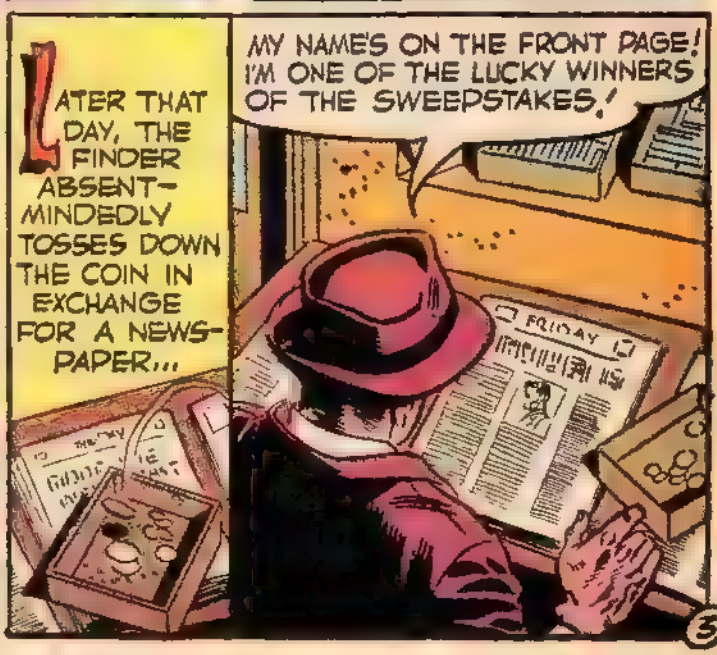

A few seconds later...
CO
ST
TAXI
CRASH!

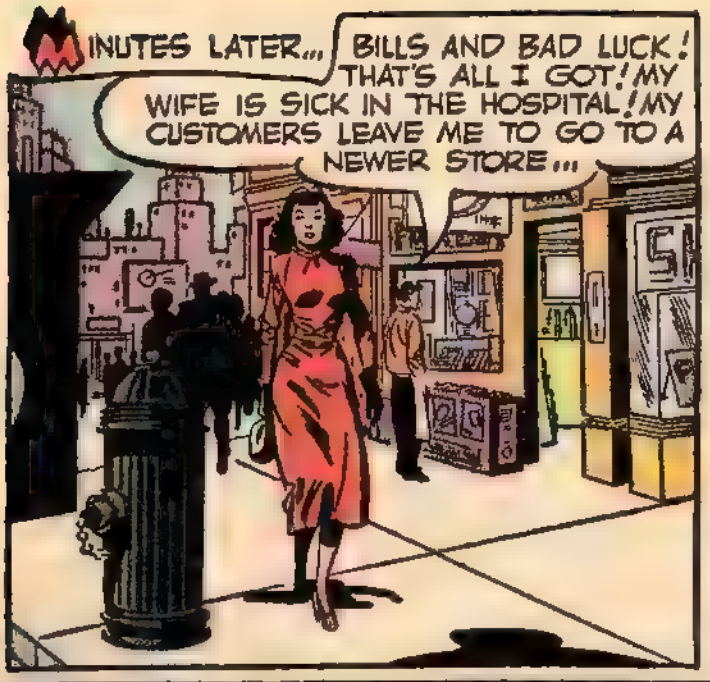

YOU SURE ARE LUCKY, MISTER! THAT BUS YOU JUST GOT OFF--WAS WRECKED! YOU MIGHT HAVE BEEN KILLED IN THAT ACCIDENT!
HUH?

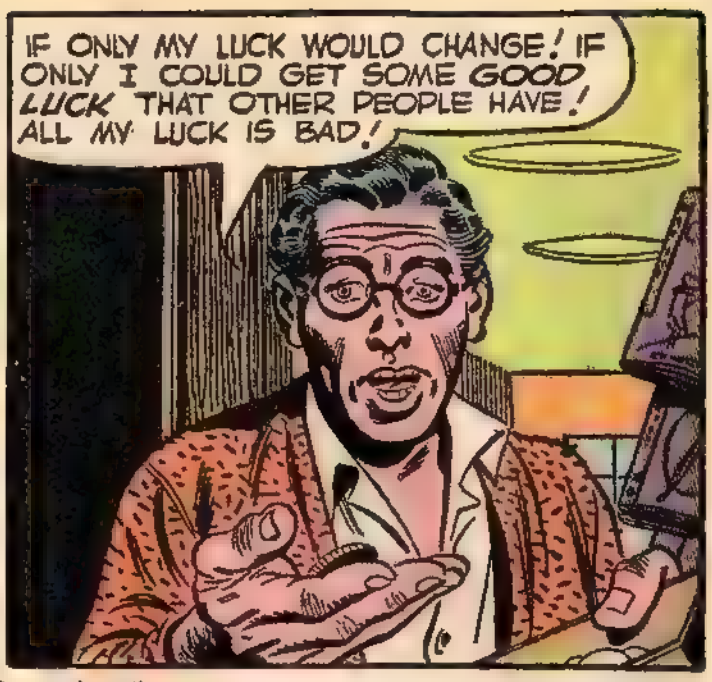
THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL FOR THE BLIND MAN, WASN'T IT? BUT AS LONG AS HE GAVE THE COIN AWAY, HE WAS BOUND TO HAVE GOOD LUCK! NOW WATCH WHAT HAPPENS...


WHAT'S THAT?
CLINK


SHUCKS! IT ISN'T EVEN A PENNY! I'LL TAKE IT HOME AND GIVE IT TO ONE OF THE KIDS TO PLAY WITH!


LATER THAT DAY, THE FINDER ABSENT-MINDEDLY TOSSES DOWN THE COIN IN EXCHANGE FOR A NEWSPAPER...
MY NAME'S ON THE FRONT PAGE! I'M ONE OF THE LUCKY WINNERS OF THE SWEEPSTAKES!
FRIDAY





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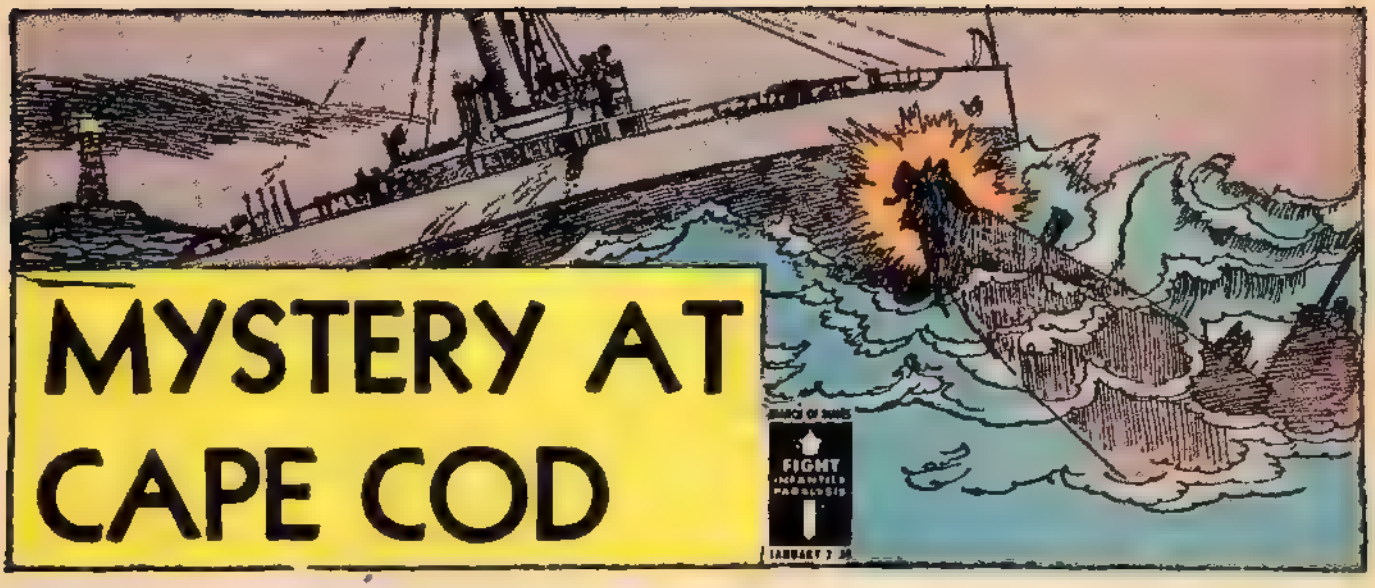


MYSTERY AT CAPE COD

THIS is a true story. The facts have been authenticated by reliable witnesses, and the real names of the participants are used. But before we can deal with the part of this story which you may not believe, it is necessary to go back to a cold December day in 1927.

On that day the U.S. Submarine S-4, just completing an underwater run off Wood End, near Provincetown on Cape Cod Bay, was surfacing. The helmsman aboard the speeding Coast Guard Destroyer *Paulding* bore hard on his wheel as he saw the rising periscope just dead ahead, but too late!

The ill-fated sub broke surface under the port bow of the *Paulding*, and the sickening grinding of metal rent the air. As the destroyer recoiled from the crash, the underwater craft sank slowly to the bottom of the bay.

Instantly news was flashed to the nearest coast guard station of the disaster, and a rescue fleet was on the scene within hours. Divers, dropped to the wreck a hundred feet below, hammered on the hatch cover of the sunken craft.

The diver listened intently as one of the trapped officers, Lieut. Graham N. Fitch tapped out in code the situation within the vessel. Six men, including the Lieutenant, survived. The rest of the 34 members, including Roy Keller Jones, commanding officer, had died instantly.

Fitch had a question of his own to ask: "Is there any hope for us?" And the diver tapped back: "We are doing everything that can be done."

Rescue operations went ahead on the double, but suddenly a howling storm of such violence descended on the rescue workers, that they were forced to seek shelter in the harbors. Hours of waiting for the storm to abate became days, and the trapped men in the submarine tapped out a frantic message that their supply of oxygen was giving out.

Three days later the storm subsided, and rescue operations were resumed, but even though hopeful messages were sent to the men, they must have known that they were doomed. Three months later, the S-4 was brought to the surface and towed to Boston.

A bell-buoy, which bore the name, "Old Eleven" was anchored on the spot of the disaster, and its unmistakable clang was like a dirge for the brave submariners who had perished there. A whole year passed. And then it happened.

On a sunny, clear afternoon in January, 1929, the U.S. Coast Guard Cutter *Bruin*

was making its scheduled return to Cape Cod from Maine. Suddenly a blanket of fog cut visibility to zero, just as the Cutter was passing the Provincetown fishing fleet.

Captain Kyle, on the bridge, ordered the vessel reduced to quarter speed and strained to see in the gray-black void ahead, but in vain. He strained his ears, trying to catch the sound of "Old Eleven," also in vain.

From a nearby smack, Kyle heard the call of its skipper, Manuel Silva. "We've lost our way, Captain!" Silva shouted "Lead the way!"

Slowly the *Bruin* moved forward, alert to blow its siren if the vessel should strike the shore instead of the channel. "Old Eleven" would guide them to their proper bearings if they could hear the clang—but all was silence.

Tense minutes passed. The *Bruin* was driving blind. In the wake of the cutter, Captain Silva and other smacks hailed one another constantly to keep their bearings.

Suddenly Kyle's eyes brightened. Off the starboard came the familiar clang of "Old Eleven!" But—the sound came off the starboard. That meant they were off their course, and in danger.

Kyle's voice carried clear, "Bear away, bear away," and the alert helmsman swiftly altered the course. Kyle's brow was furrowed. "Strange," he muttered, "I was sure we'd drifted the other way, but I guess we can trust 'Old Eleven.'"

Keeping to the altered course, the *Bruin* soon reached the channel, and Kyle was able to see the lights of the lighthouse. Shortly after, the cutter, followed by the fishing smacks, came into the calm of Provincetown Harbor. They were safe at last.

After Kyle supervized the dropping of his anchor close to the wharf, he stepped off the cutter, and ambled over to Manuel Silva, who was docking his boat alongside the cutter.

Kyle wiped sweat off his brow, although there was a brisk wind blowing. He lit a cigarette, and watched Silva in silence for a moment. Then he spoke.

"Well, Silva, looks like 'Old Eleven' saved the day for us again, eh?" he said.

Silva straightened. And Kyle noticed for the first time that Silva seemed strangely agitated. Silva opened his mouth to speak, but no words came. And when he found his voice, he said, in a hoarse whisper:

"Yeah—I heard something clanging out there—but it wasn't 'Old Eleven.'"

Kyle stared at the man as if he had gone crazy. "What do you mean, man? There isn't another bell-buoy at the channel entrance. It was 'Old Eleven!' I couldn't be wrong! I even recognized her clang!"

Silva again fell silent. He looked out into the lifting mist over the sea. Then he again faced Captain Kyle.

"Captain," he began slowly, "you've been away for a couple of weeks. You don't know. The fact is, four days ago 'Old Eleven' sank at her moorings in a storm. Maybe it was hit by ice, or maybe it was a ship. No one knows for sure. But it is sure that 'Old Eleven' is right now under 100 feet of water—and—and it hasn't been replaced."

Now it was Kyle's turn to stare. "You're—you're not trying to tell me that we heard 'Old Eleven's' bell clanging from 20 fathoms down, are you, Silva?"

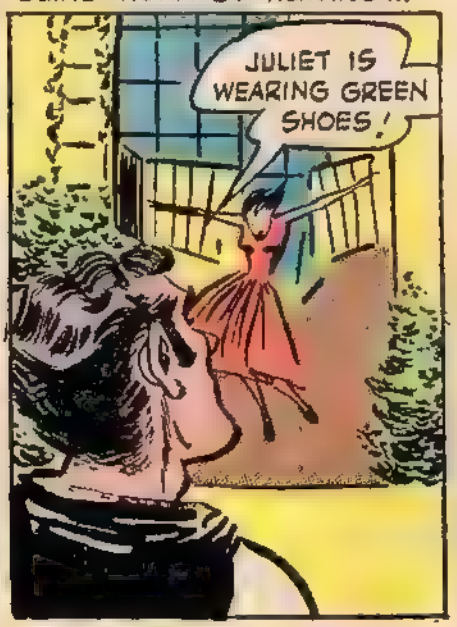
Silva never answered the question. He only turned his gaze back out to sea, and Kyle followed his look.

Both men swear they heard "Old Eleven" clanging, no matter what anybody says.

GREEN THOUGHTS

THE COLOR ***GREEN*** WAS SO CLOSELY ALLIED WITH KINDLY TREE SPIRITS IN OLDEN DAYS, THAT GREEN BRANCHES WERE PLACED OVER THE FRONT DOOR ON HALLOWEEN TO PREVENT WITCHES FROM ENTERING THE HOUSE THAT NIGHT...

CONTRARIWISE, IF ANYTHING ***GREEN*** WERE WORN ON THE STAGE, BAD LUCK AND MISFORTUNE WOULD COME TO THE PLAY AND ACTORS, BECAUSE GOOD-LUCK FAIRIES RESENTED THEIR COLOR EVER BEING WORN BY HUMANS...



SOME ENGLISH FOLKS SO DREADED THE COLOR ***GREEN***, THAT THEY BLAMED A WIDELY CIRCULATED GREEN HALF-PENNY STAMP FOR THE ECONOMIC TROUBLES THAT BESET ENGLAND IN THE FIRST DECADE OF THE 20TH CENTURY...

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YOUR WEIRD ART HAS BECOME THE RAGE, WILSON! YOU'VE DRAWN A BIG CROWD TO YOUR SHOW!

I'M JUST LUCKY, DEVERS! SOMEDAY YOU'LL GET A BREAK IN THE ART WORLD TOO!

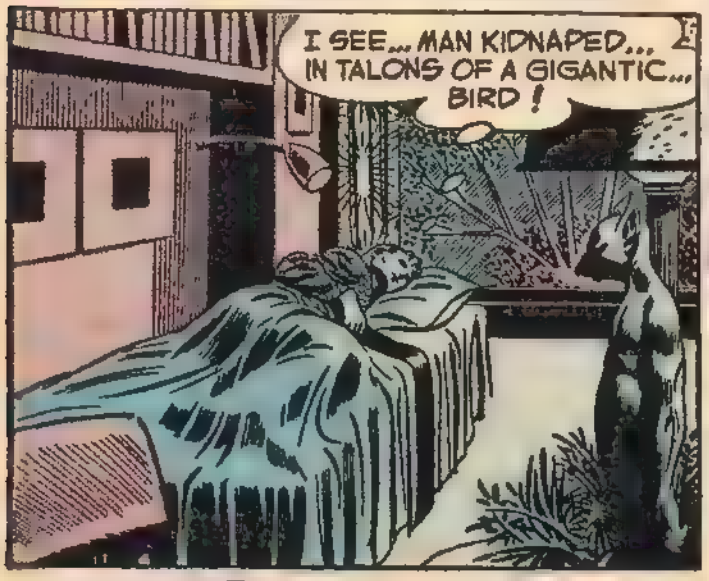
AMONG THE EXPERTS ON THE BIZARRE AND MACABRE AT THE SHOW IS THE PHANTOM STRANGER...

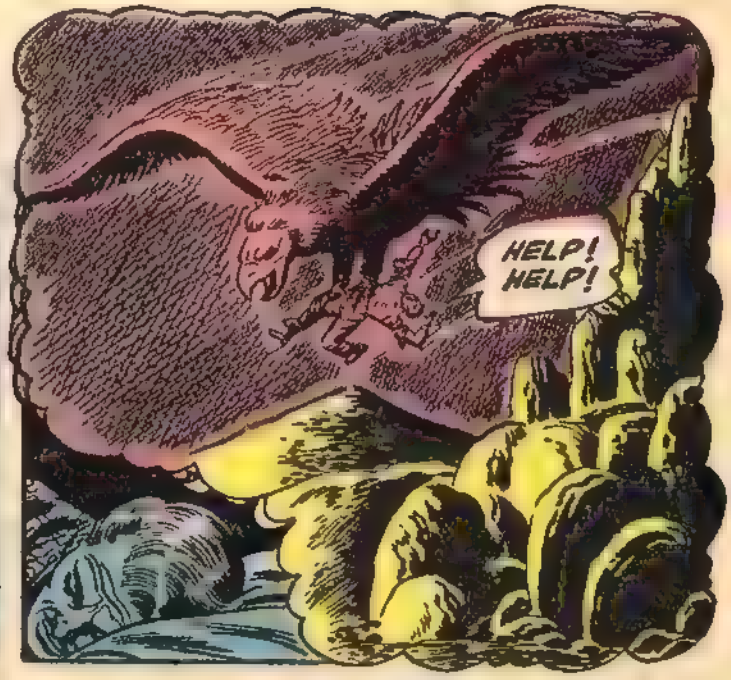
YOUR DAGON IS FAIRLY GOOD! BUT I NOTE SEVERAL IN-ACCURACIES...

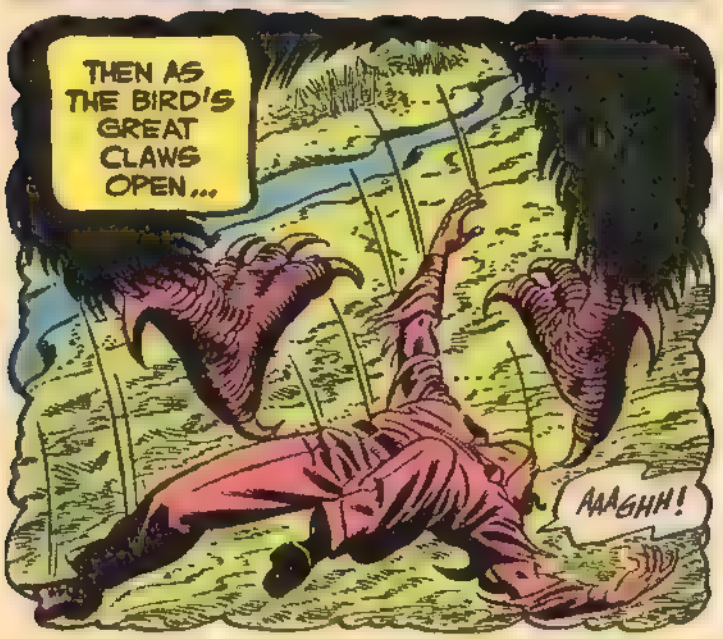
IT'S ONLY MY CONCEPTION OF DAGON... THE ANCIENT FISH-GOD! BESIDES, HOW COULD YOU KNOW IT WAS INACCURATE UNLESS-- UNLESS--

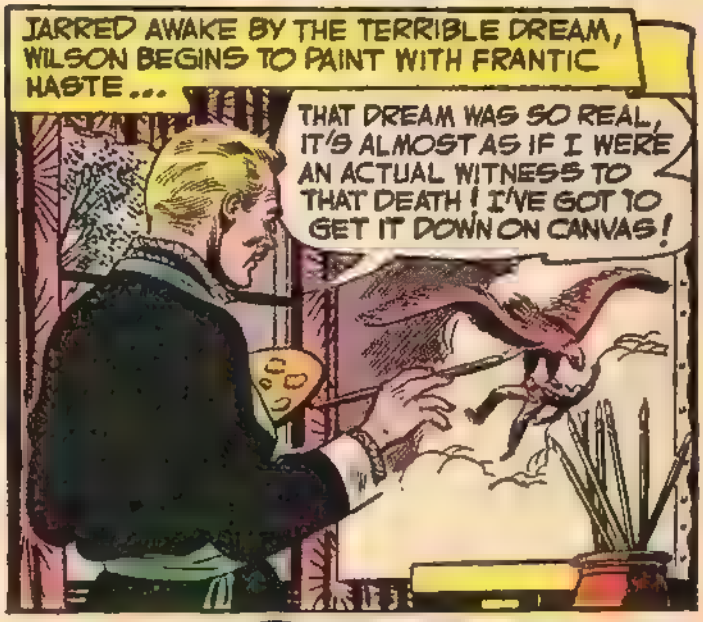
UNLESS I'VE SEEN HIM? QUITE TRUE...

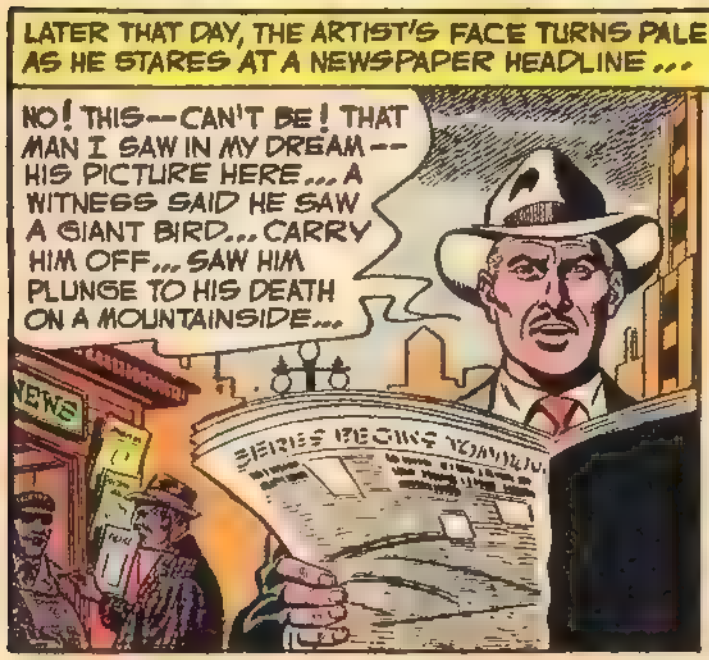
ONE NIGHT SOME EVENINGS LATER, WILSON TOSSES IN THE THROES OF A NIGHTMARE...

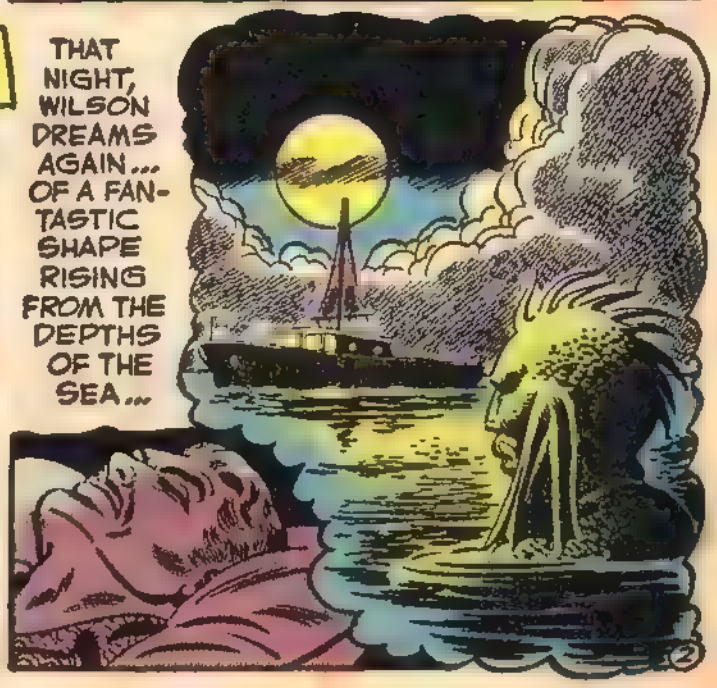




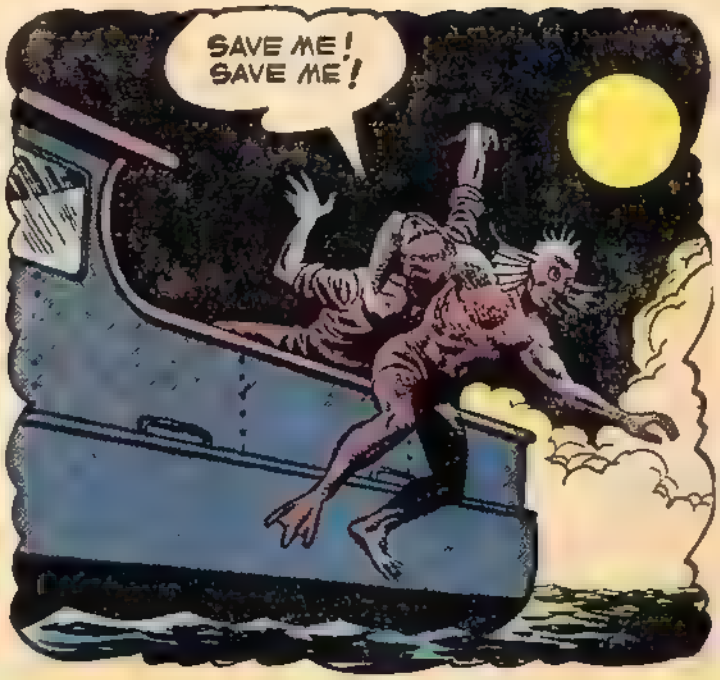


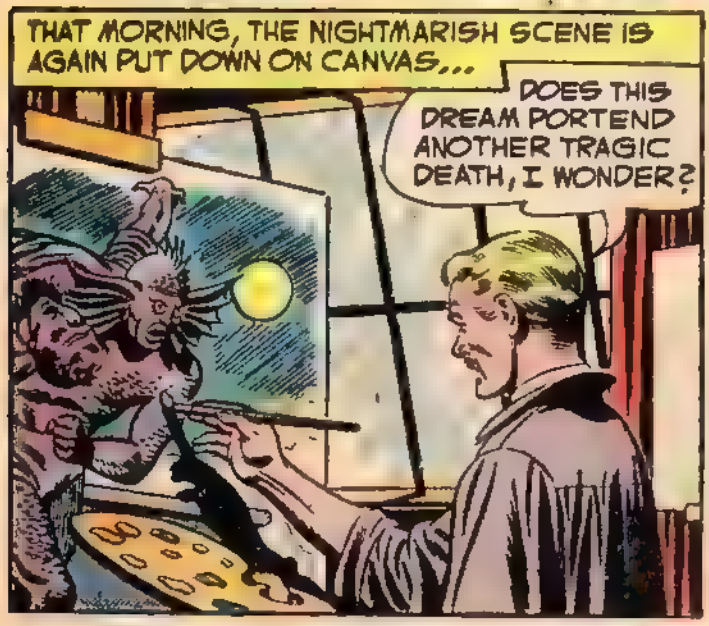


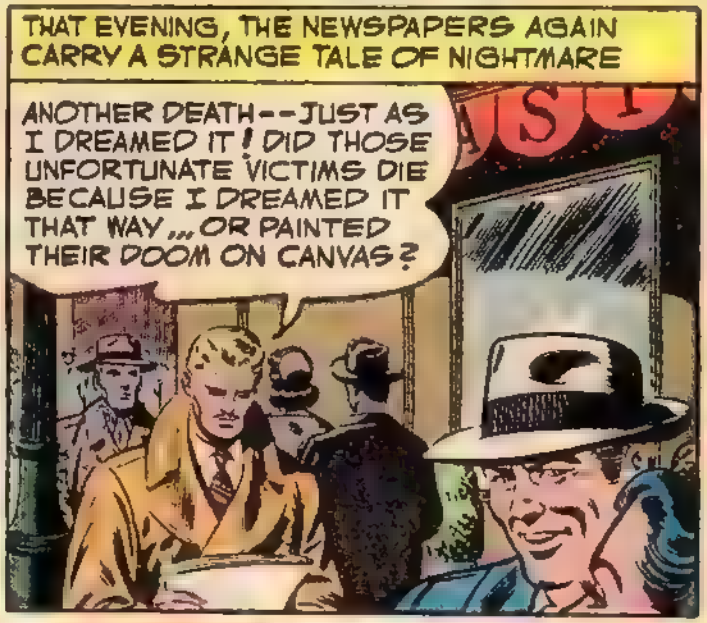


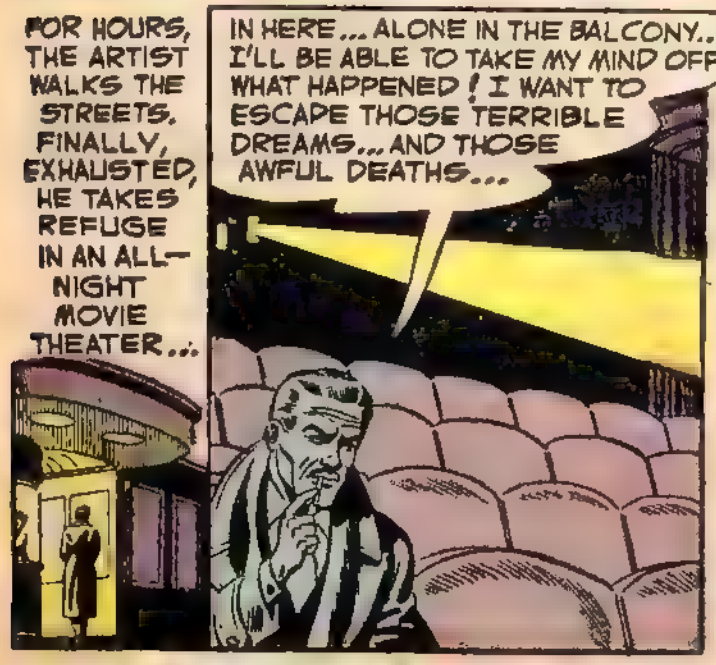


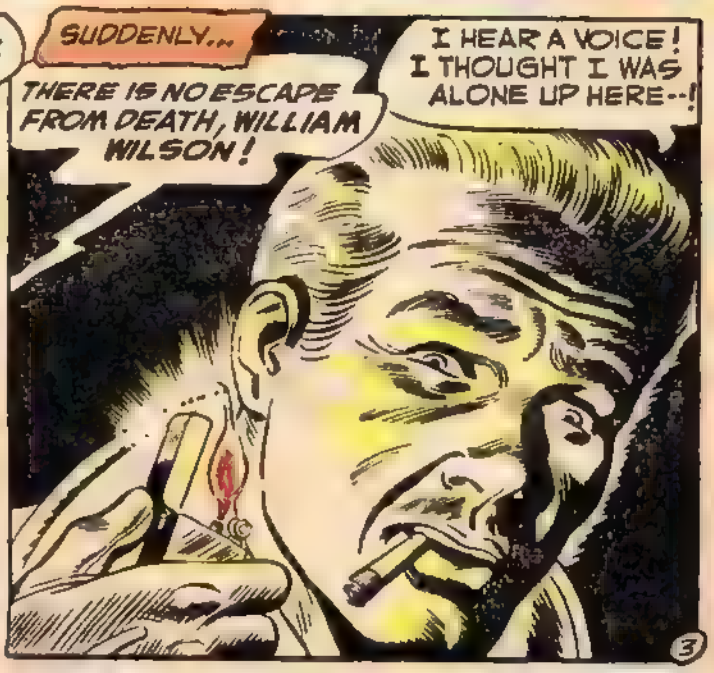
A MOMENT LATER, WEBBED FEET FLAP ON THE DECK OF A NEARBY CABIN CRUISER ...
EEEYAH!


SAVE ME! SAVE ME!


THAT MORNING, THE NIGHTMARISH SCENE IS AGAIN PUT DOWN ON CANVAS...
DOES THIS DREAM PORTEND ANOTHER TRAGIC DEATH, I WONDER?


THAT EVENING, THE NEWSPAPERS AGAIN CARRY A STRANGE TALE OF NIGHTMARE
ANOTHER DEATH--JUST AS I DREAMED IT! DID THOSE UNFORTUNATE VICTIMS DIE BECAUSE I DREAMED IT THAT WAY... OR PAINTED THEIR DOOM ON CANVAS?

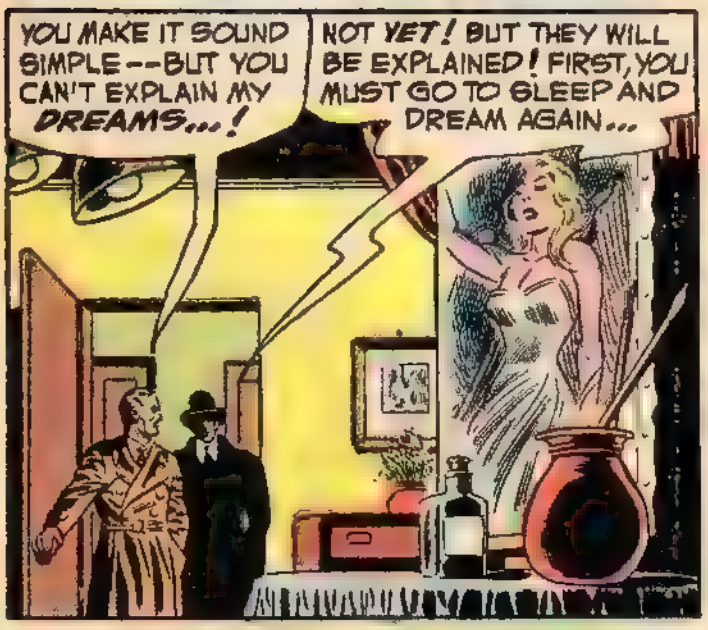

FOR HOURS, THE ARTIST WALKS THE STREETS. FINALLY, EXHAUSTED, HE TAKES REFUGE IN AN ALL-NIGHT MOVIE THEATER...
IN HERE... ALONE IN THE BALCONY... I'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE MY MIND OFF WHAT HAPPENED! I WANT TO ESCAPE THOSE TERRIBLE DREAMS... AND THOSE AWFUL DEATHS...


SUDDENLY...
THERE IS NO ESCAPE FROM DEATH, WILLIAM WILSON!
I HEAR A VOICE! I THOUGHT I WAS ALONE UP HERE--!

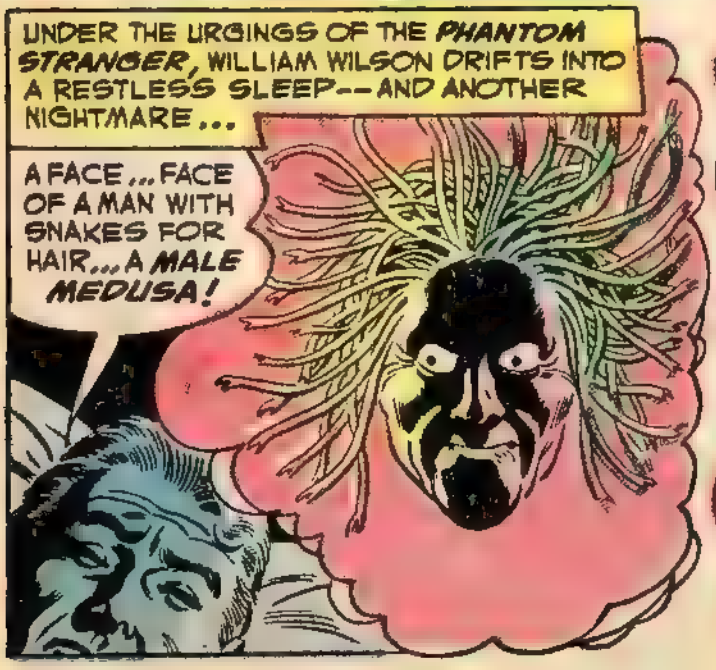
YOU! I'VE SEEN YOU BEFORE! AT MY EXHIBIT...
THAT'S RIGHT! MEN KNOW ME AS--THE PHANTOM STRANGER!

I TRY TO SHIELD THE INNOCENT FROM THE DARK FORCES OF EVIL...

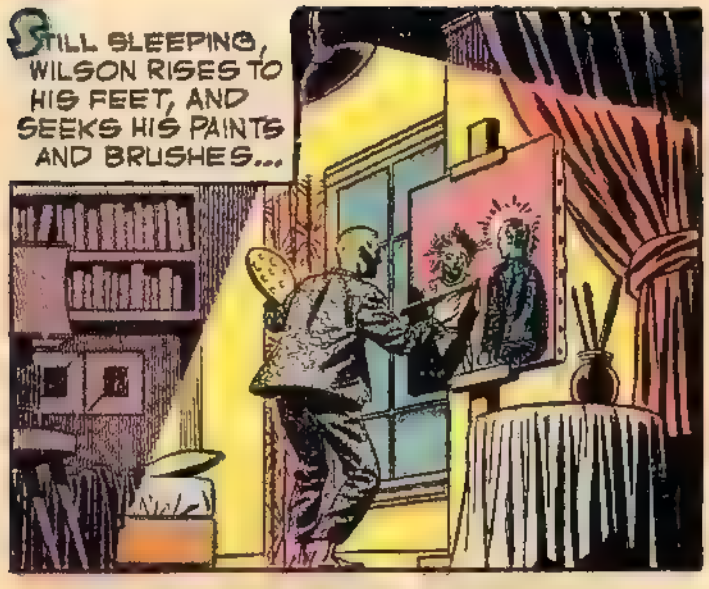
AFTER WILLIAM WILSON HAS STAMMERED OUT HIS STORY, THE DUO LEAVES...
HAS IT OCCURRED TO YOU THERE MAY BE SIMPLE EXPLANATIONS FOR THOSE STRANGE DEATHS? AN AIRPLANE CAN BE CAMOUFLAGED TO LOOK LIKE A BIRD! THE FIGURE OF DAGON MIGHT BE A MAN CONCEALED INSIDE A DIVER'S SUIT--MADE TO RESEMBLE THE ANCIENT FISH GOD!

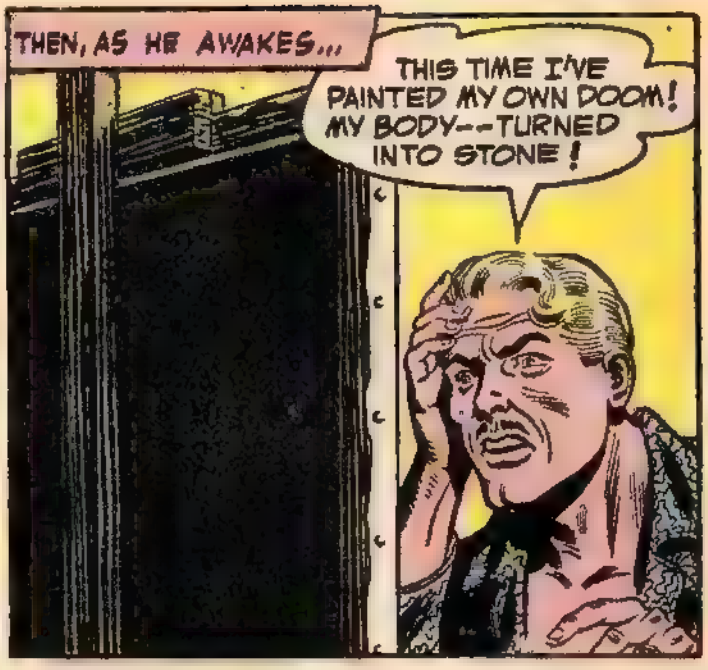

YOU MAKE IT SOUND SIMPLE--BUT YOU CAN'T EXPLAIN MY DREAMS...!
NOT YET! BUT THEY WILL BE EXPLAINED! FIRST, YOU MUST GO TO SLEEP AND DREAM AGAIN...

NO! I'M AFRAID TO DREAM AGAIN--AFRAID OF WHAT I'LL SEE...
YOU MUST SLEEP! ONLY BY LEARNING YOUR NEXT DREAM CAN WE FIGHT THIS THING! DON'T FEAR, I'LL BE CLOSE BY...


UNDER THE URGINGS OF THE PHANTOM STRANGER, WILLIAM WILSON DRIFTS INTO A RESTLESS SLEEP--AND ANOTHER NIGHTMARE...
A FACE... FACE OF A MAN WITH SNAKES FOR HAIR... A MALE MEDUSA!

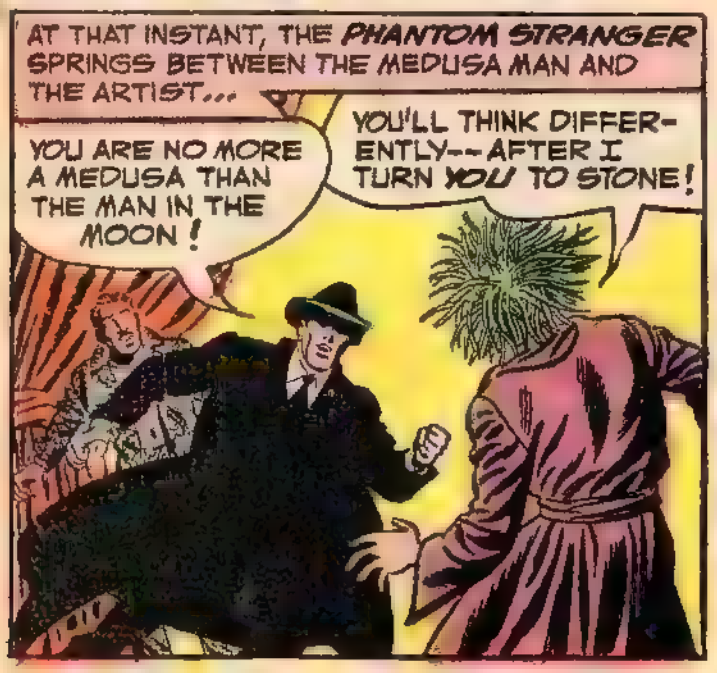
THOSE HORRIBLE EYES! GLARING AT ME! TURNING ME INTO A--STONE STATUE!

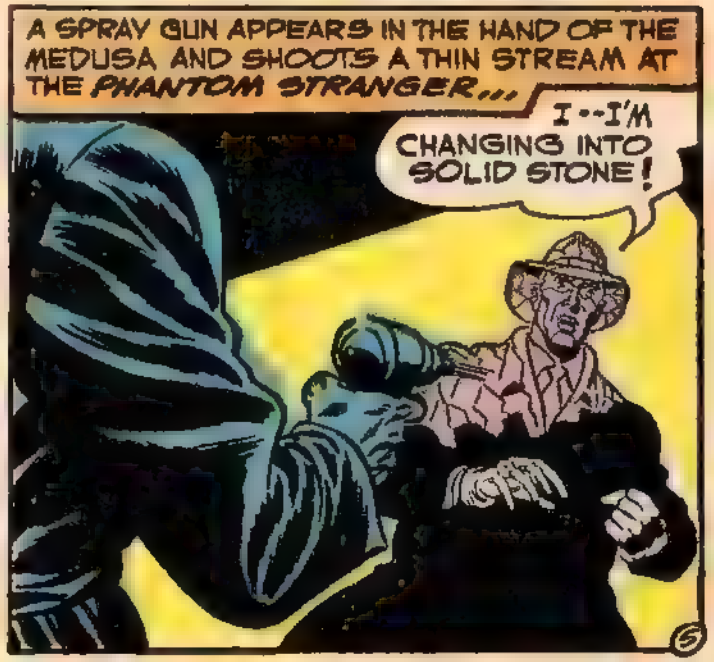

STILL SLEEPING, WILSON RISES TO HIS FEET, AND SEEKS HIS PAINTS AND BRUSHES...

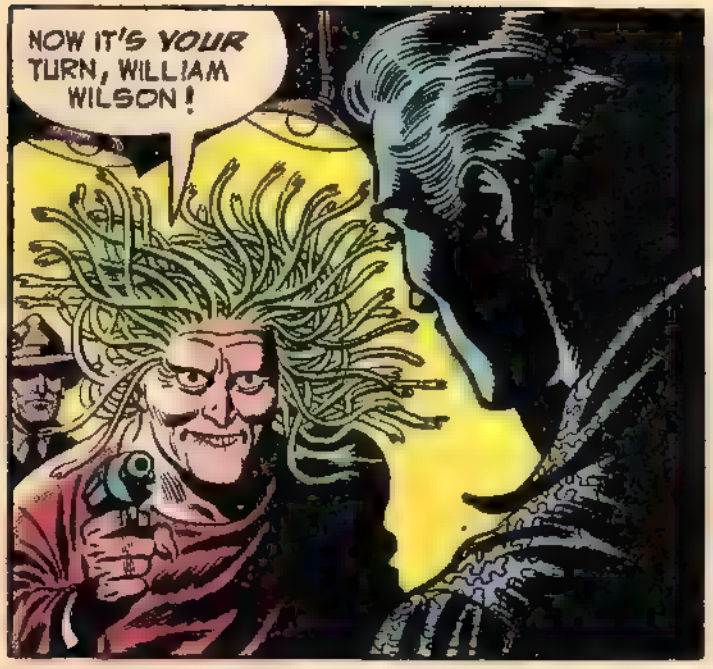

THEN, AS HE AWAKES...
THIS TIME I'VE PAINTED MY OWN DOOM! MY BODY--TURNED INTO STONE!

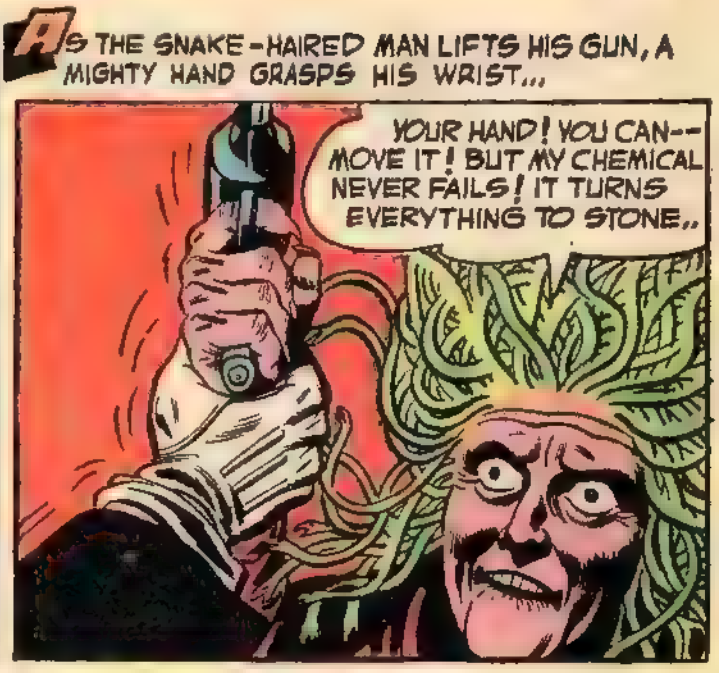
SUDDENLY, AN INNER SENSE MAKES THE ARTIST WHIRL AROUND...
MY DREAM--ABOUT TO COME TRUE!
YES! I HAVE COME FROM THE OTHER WORLD, SUMMONED BY YOUR DREAMS--TO KILL YOU!

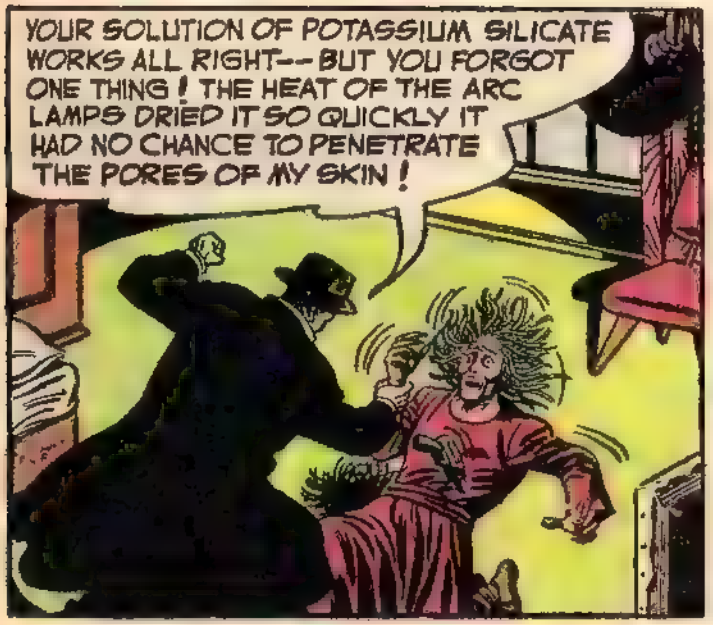
PREPARE FOR DEATH, WILLIAM WILSON!
NO! NO!

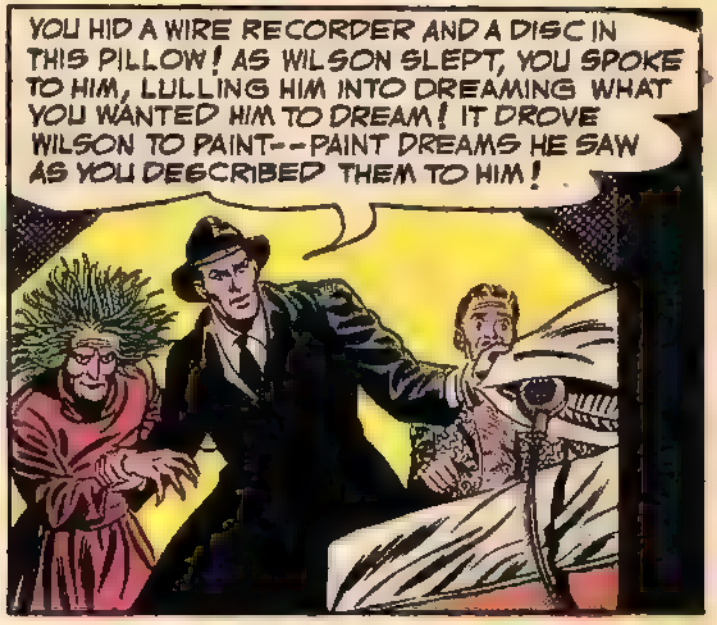

AT THAT INSTANT, THE PHANTOM STRANGER SPRINGS BETWEEN THE MEDUSA MAN AND THE ARTIST...
YOU ARE NO MORE A MEDUSA THAN THE MAN IN THE MOON!
YOU'LL THINK DIFFERENTLY--AFTER I TURN YOU TO STONE!

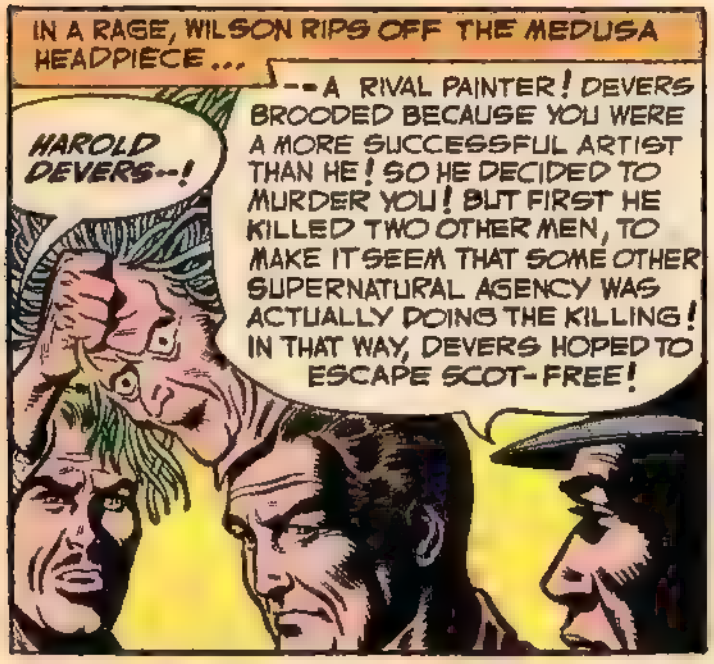

A SPRAY GUN APPEARS IN THE HAND OF THE MEDUSA AND SHOOTS A THIN STREAM AT THE PHANTOM STRANGER...
I--I'M CHANGING INTO SOLID STONE!


NOW IT'S YOUR TURN, WILLIAM WILSON!


AS THE SNAKE-HAIRED MAN LIFTS HIS GUN, A MIGHTY HAND GRASPS HIS WRIST...
YOUR HAND! YOU CAN--MOVE IT! BUT MY CHEMICAL NEVER FAILS! IT TURNS EVERYTHING TO STONE..


YOUR SOLUTION OF POTASSIUM SILICATE WORKS ALL RIGHT--BUT YOU FORGOT ONE THING! THE HEAT OF THE ARC LAMPS DRIED IT SO QUICKLY IT HAD NO CHANCE TO PENETRATE THE PORES OF MY SKIN!


YOU HID A WIRE RECORDER AND A DISC IN THIS PILLOW! AS WILSON SLEPT, YOU SPOKE TO HIM, LULLING HIM INTO DREAMING WHAT YOU WANTED HIM TO DREAM! IT DROVE WILSON TO PAINT--PAINT DREAMS HE SAW AS YOU DESCRIBED THEM TO HIM!

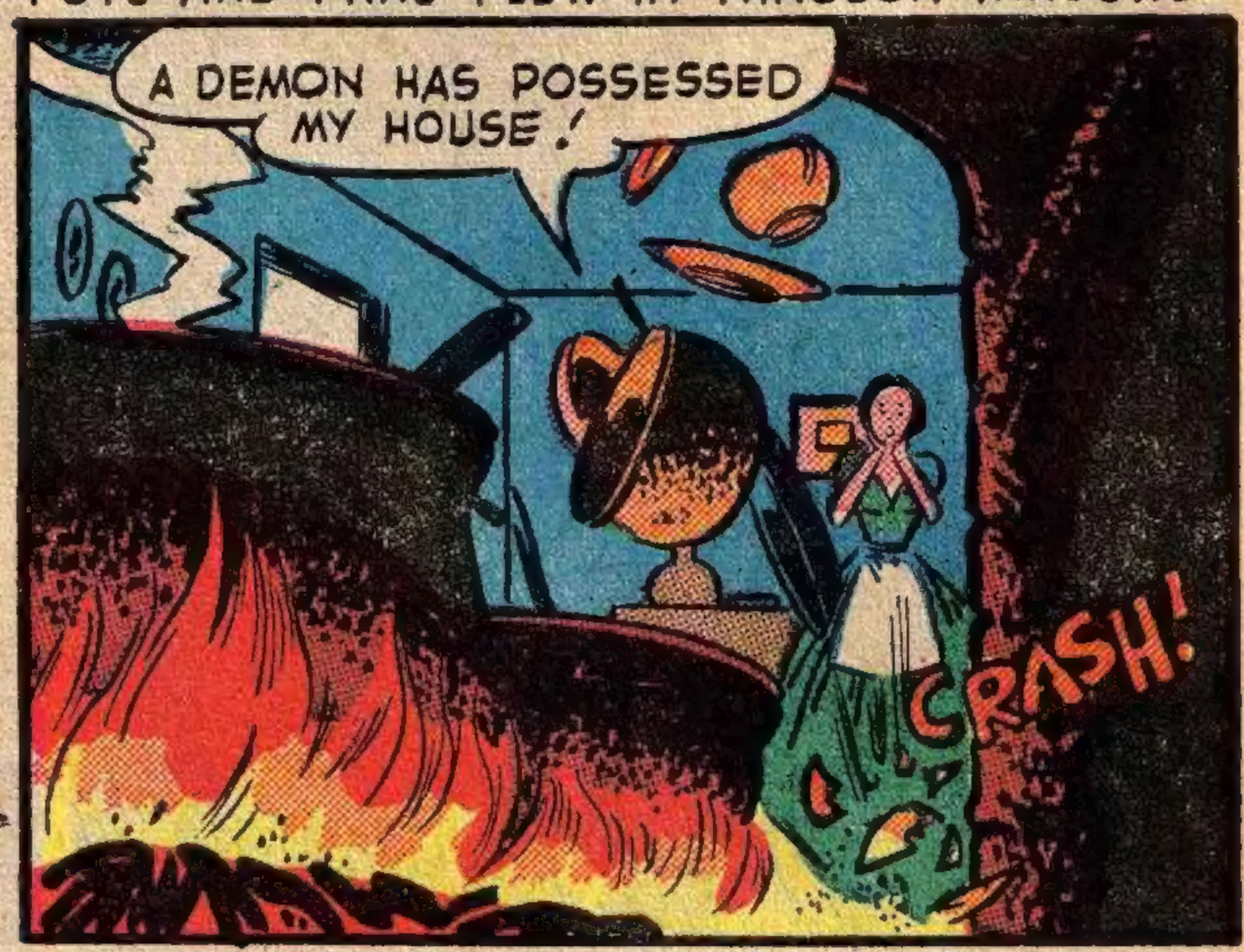

IN A RAGE, WILSON RIPS OFF THE MEDUSA HEADPIECE...
HAROLD DEVERS--!
--A RIVAL PAINTER! DEVERS BROODED BECAUSE YOU WERE A MORE SUCCESSFUL ARTIST THAN HE! SO HE DECIDED TO MURDER YOU! BUT FIRST HE KILLED TWO OTHER MEN, TO MAKE IT SEEM THAT SOME OTHER SUPERNATURAL AGENCY WAS ACTUALLY DOING THE KILLING! IN THAT WAY, DEVERS HOPED TO ESCAPE SCOT-FREE!

SOON AFTER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
...AND OF COURSE, THE PHANTOM STRANGER WILL CORROBORATE MY STORY... THAT'S FUNNY! HE WAS HERE JUST A MOMENT AGO! HOW COULD HE LEAVE WITHOUT OUR SEEING HIM?
I GUESS THAT'S WHY THEY CALL HIM THE PHANTOM STRANGER!
THE END

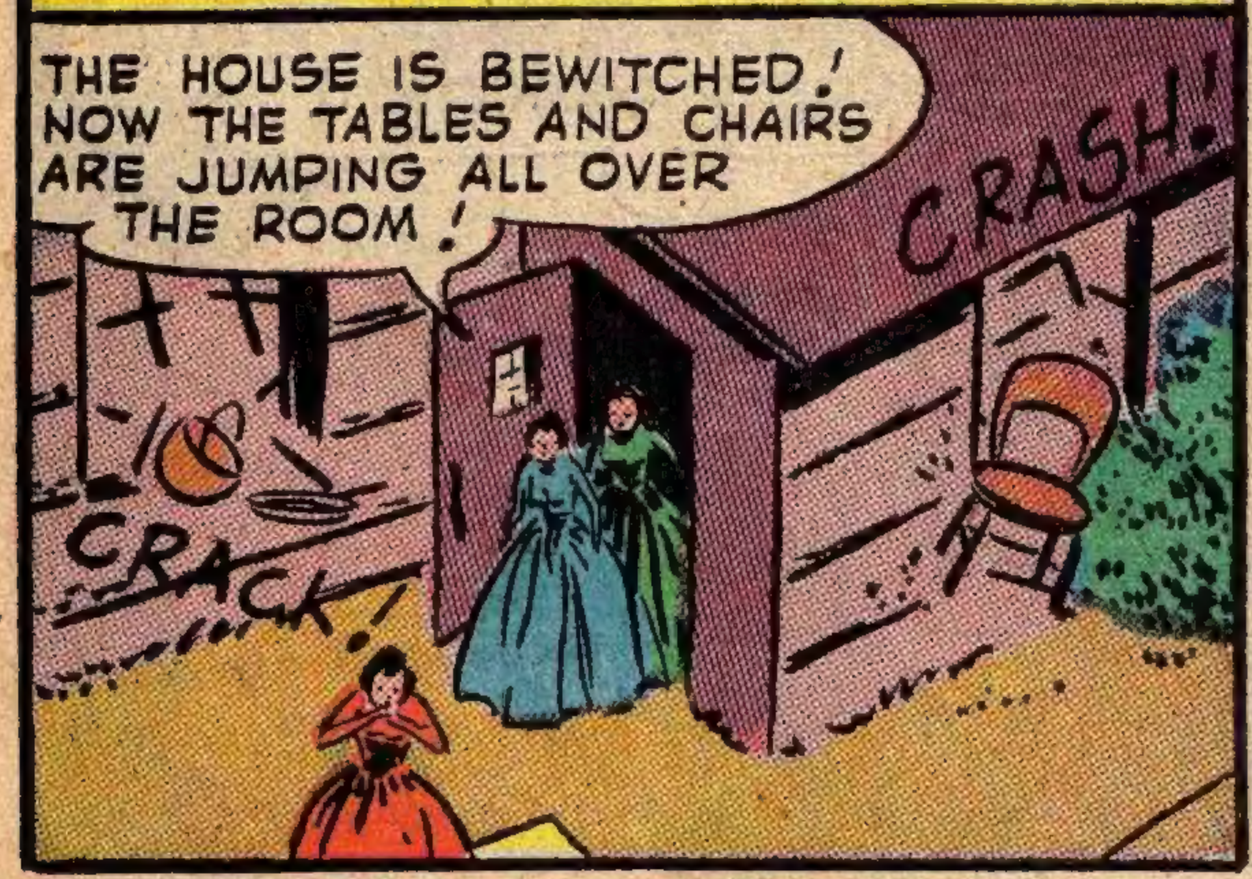
the CRAZY HOUSE!

THE TIME, 1772... THE PLACE, A HOUSE IN THE STOCKWELL SECTION OF LONDON... THE CHARACTERS, MRS. GOLDING, AN ELDERLY LADY WHO LIVED ALONE WITH HER SERVANT, ANNE ROBINSON...

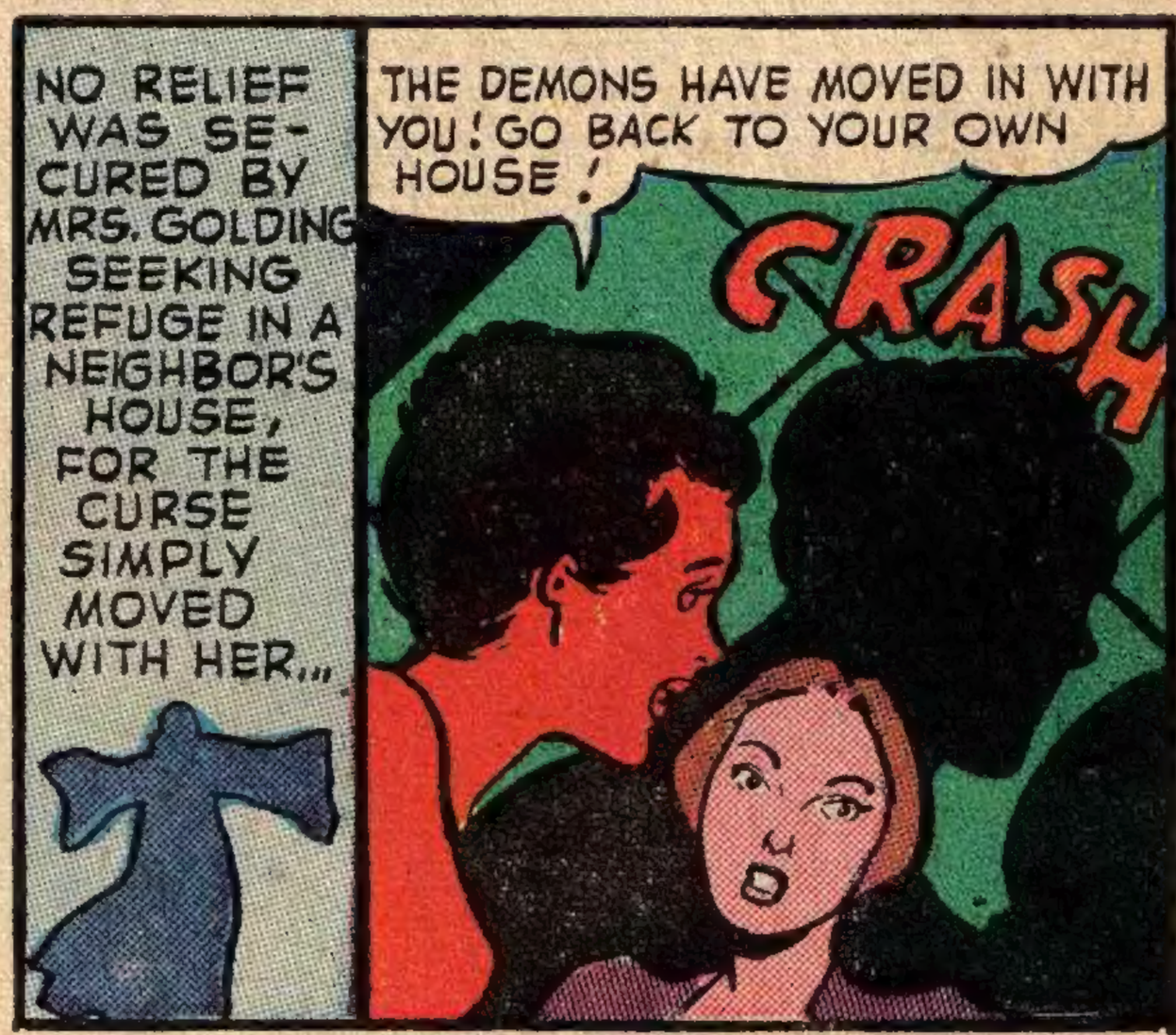
ONE EVENING, WITHOUT WARNING, CUPS AND SAUCERS BEGAN RATTLING DOWN THE CHIMNEY, POTS AND PANS FLEW IN THROUGH WINDOWS-



SUMMONING NEIGHBORS TO HER HOUSE TO PROTECT HER FROM THE UNSEEN EVIL SPIRITS ONLY MADE MATTERS WORSE...



NO RELIEF WAS SECURED BY MRS. GOLDING SEEKING REFUGE IN A NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE, FOR THE CURSE SIMPLY MOVED WITH HER...



SOON, MRS. GOLDING CAME TO SUSPECT THAT HER SERVANT WAS BEHIND THE WEIRD TURMOIL, AND FIRED HER...

EVENTUALLY, ANNE CONFESSED THAT SHE AND HER FIANCÉ HAD ARRANGED THE WHOLE AFFAIR TO DRIVE MRS. GOLDING FROM THE HOUSE, SO THAT THEY COULD KEEP IT FOR THEMSELVES...

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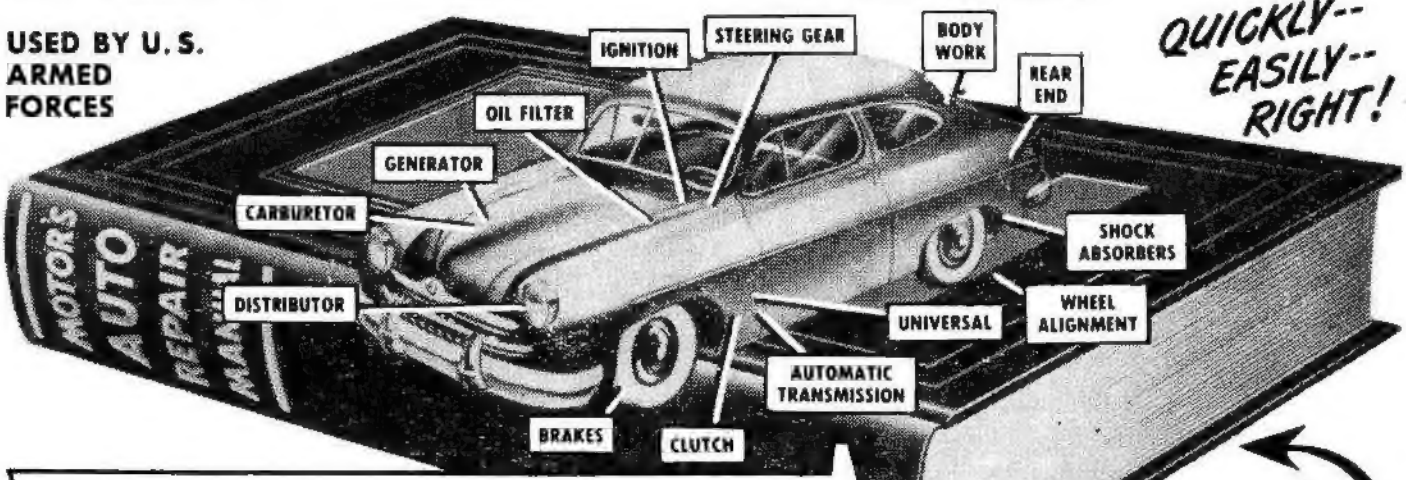

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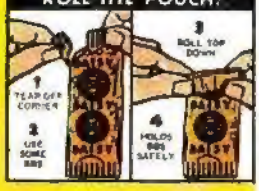

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